KONINGSMARKE,

THE LONG FINNE,

A STORY

OF THE NEW WORLD.

"This affair being taken into consideration, it was adjudged that Koningsmarke, commonly called the Long Finne, deserved to die; yet, in regard that many concerned in the affair being simple and ignorant people, it was thought fit to order that the Long Finne should be severely * * * * *"

Fragment of Minutes of Council in New-York.

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KONINGSMARKE,

THE LONG FINNE.

BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

It is quite impossible for our readers to conceive a tenth part of the yearnings we have endured in the course of this work, in consequence of not having been able, without committing some unpardonable violence, to introduce to their acquaintance and familiarity a single titled person, for the purpose of giving dignity to distress, and point to our jokes. The only man of high rank, the honour of whose intimacy we enjoyed

in our travels abroad, was a certain Duke Humphrey, with whom we occasionally dined. But as, to say the truth, we can't declaim much in favour of his dinners or his wine, we will not trouble our readers with an introduction ; for, to be candid with them, his notice would confer no great honour, the said Duke being generally surrounded by a set of hungry authors, who for the most part did not know where else to get a dinner.

This incapacity we consider a most serious misfortune, inasmuch as novel writers, we mean those who aspire to the notice and approbation of the *beau monde*, may be said to be in the predicament of certain insignificant people, who derive their sole consequence from the company they affect to keep, and to which they take occasion to introduce their friends.

These aforesaid persons, by affecting great intimacy with people of rank, retailing their jokes, and sometimes pretending to disclose their most secret thoughts, acquire the reputation of high *ton,* and greatly excite the wonder and admiration of the vulgar. We recollect a good-natured, good-for-nothing sort of fellow of this kind, who made it his sole business to introduce a certain great man, with whom he was a kind of hanger-on, to all his little acquaintance. By this means he managed to attain to great consequence, in a certain circle, and got numerous invitations to dinner parties. Nay, he at last turned his great man to so good an account, that a city heiress actually was induced to marry him, solely on the score of having it announced in the papers, that his great friend was

at the wedding and gave away the bride.

We have endeavoured to make all the amends possible for the absence of what constitutes the quintessence of the interest arising from works of imagination by the introduction of persons coming as near to kings and nobility, as any that are the natural product of our country. But, after all, we are obliged to confess, that Indian monarchs, provincial governors, nay, our good friend William Penn himself, though the illustrious founder of what may almost be called an empire, are but poor substitutes for dukes and earls, whose very titles tickle the fancy so delightfully, that the reader seems all the while swimming in an ocean of peacock's feathers.

True it is, that we have a knight—

not a knight errant, but a genuine knight of James the First's own dubbing, in reserve, as a sort of *bonne bouche* for the last, in order to leave an agreeable impression on the palate of the reader's imagination. But, after all, what is a mere knight? They are so plenty now-a-days in Old England, especially ever since the battle of Waterloo, that the title has not been able to entrap a single city heiress. "Your thirty pound knights," as an old dramatist calls them, who have barely enough to pay for their spurs, swarm exceedingly, and are uncommonly anxious to make every rich plebeian Joan they meet, a lady. Nay, not a few of the species have lately infested our country, and, by their actual presence, irretrievably robbed the fashionable young

ladies of one of their favourite subjects of contemplation, by giving a clear demonstration that, whatever a king, a duke, or a lord may be, a knight is but a mere man with a "Sir" to his name. Such as he is, however, we beg the reader to make the most of him when he vouchsafes his appearance.

To confess the honest truth, we are, as has been most likely discovered ere this, rather new in the trade of novel writing, having been partly induced to enter upon it, as people engage in the tobacco or grocery line, from seeing others prosper mightily in the business. But we shall do better hereafter, having felt the want of a hero and heroine of proper rank most sorely in the course of this work. We take this opportunity of advertising our friends, and the public

in general, that we have at present six new historical novels on the anvil, one of which, we have contracted with our bookseller to hammer out every twelvemonth, and each of which shall contain one legitimate, tyrannical king at least, provided there should be a sufficient number remaining unhanged at that time. We have also stipulated with our publisher, that not one of the characters shall be below a right honourable, or an *Irish peer*, at least. Advising our readers to keep a good look out for these high treats, we now proceed with the thread of our history.

CHAPTER II.

Accursed be the stars * * * * * * * * *
The fulsome sun, that shines on all alike,
Good, bad, indifferent, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail!
Satan's abus'd, and so is honest Cain,
And so am I—but * * * * * * * !

Lord B——n.

It is now time to return, and take a look at the worthy inhabitants of Elsingburgh, who had long ago rebuilt their habitations, and were now each one pursuing his usual avocations, under the salutary pressure of that necessity, which obliges mankind to forget the past, in providing for the wants of the present and the future.

As we before premised, the house of Dominie Kanttwell was rebuilt and fur-

nished, by the pious exertions of his flock, before any body else had provided for his own necessities ; and, notwithstanding the zeal with which that worthy man declaimed against good works, on this occasion he was pleased to exempt those which were done in his especial behoof from his malediction. Indeed, it must be confessed, the Dominie looked upon charity, especially that charity which was exercised in his own favour, as belonging to a species of good works, which might, under certain circumstances, be tolerated. Still he continued to rail against the luxuries and indulgences of this world, although his capacious rotundity of figure, his double chin, and large square silver buckles, furnished shrewd indications, that the Dominie did not feel it absolutely ne-

cessary to reinforce his precepts by the authority of his example.

The good aunt Edith, according to the testimony of Dominie Kanttwell, who had lately induced her to make a will in favour of the church, grew every day more perfect. So far did she carry her contempt for the things of this world, that she extended it to all mankind, except a small circle of the elect, who listened to her edifying instructions, and talked scandal against all the rest of the villagers, whom they were pleased to denominate "vessels of wrath." Considering all these as objects of the Divine vengeance, the good people thought themselves bound to hate them also, and to decline any exchange of kindness or social intercourse with such wicked sinners. These simple, well-meaning

souls, thought that they became saints, by strictly following the example of aunt Edith and the Dominie. But they were mistaken. They became spiritually proud, (the worst species of pride,) hard-hearted, arrogant, and supercilious, to all but the chosen set; incapable of social or kindred affection; strangers to the indulgence of pity; bad fathers, mothers, husbands, and wives; and incorrigible in their faults, because they cherished them as virtues. In fine, while complacently viewing themselves as exclusively belonging to the *elect*, they treated all others as outcasts; as beings having no sort of affinity with themselves, and no common interest with them, either in this world or the world to come. Hence, all the kindnesses of good neighbourhood, the civilities of social life, the

customary exchange of acts of courtesy and friendship, all those little ties which knits society together by the best bonds, those of mutual benefits, producing mutual good will—all these gave place to a harsh contempt, an arrogant superiority, on one hand, and a settled hatred, or contemptuous indifference, on the other. Such is ever the result of carrying to extremes the application of those excellent precepts, which were doubtless only intended to check, but not destroy, these worldly feelings and pursuits, which are essential, not only to the happiness, but the very existence, of mankind, and are only pernicious to society, or individuals, when operating without either moral or religious restraints.

As to the good aunt Edith, she might with truth be said to wallow every day

deeper and deeper in the mire of pious abstraction. Her time, during the intervals between going to church, night meetings, and love feasts, was usually passed in bed, where she kept all the family waiting upon her, and where she and the virago, Bombie of the Frizzled Head, used to have divers keen encounters of that sharpest of all sharp weapons, the tongue. While the disconsolate Heer, to whom she was indebted for an asylum, a home, and all the comforts of life, was sitting in solitary sorrow, remembering and lamenting his gentle and affectionate child, without a soul to sympathize in his cureless grief, the excellent Edith, considering him as little better than one of the wicked, paid no attention to his infirmities or his woes, except occasionally to comfort with him

the assurance that the loss of his only child was a judgment upon him, for loving her better than the church and the Dominie.

Sometimes the Frizzled Head, who, though a shrew and a termagant of the first order, was not altogether destitute of that carnal and worldly-minded sympathy, which is held in such abomination by the elect, when exercised towards the sinful sons and daughters of men, would prepare some favourite dish, or little nick-nack, to tempt the waning appetite of her master. But so sure as aunt Edith heard of this, though ever so sick and weak, she would rise from her bed, as it were by miracle, lay violent hands on the portion of the good Heer, who fared, on these occasions like poor Esau, and carry it off to comfort Dominie

Kanttwell, or some one of the elect who had caught cold attending upon a night meeting. Indeed, it was the great object of the Dominie's policy, to govern the community of Elsingburgh, by establishing a sort of *imperium in imperio* in every house of the village. This he effected by gaining an ascendency over the married females, and thus governing the household, in spite of the sinful and inordinate grumblings of its liege and legitimate lord. Some people may think this mode of acquiring influence was not exactly either fair or honest; but it is not our business (being bachelors) to contest the point. We only profess to tell what is necessary to the progress and final catastrophe of our history.

Numerous, not to say innumerable, were the little societies established,

under the influence and patronage of aunt Edith and Dominie Kanttwell, whose industry in collecting donations from men, women, and children, was such, that there was not a bit of molasses, candy, or pennyworth of gingerbread, wickedly devoured by the little urchins of Elsingburgh. All went to the Dominie, and through him—nobody knew where. One society was the parent of half a dozen more, until they multiplied so fast, that the good women of the village had no time to attend to domestic affairs; and no traveller could sojourn a night at Elsingburgh, without rising pale in the morning, in consequence of having sufficed to satiate the appetites of innumerable caitiffs of the carnivorous species, whose numbers always furnish shrewd indications of good or evil house-

keeping. The Dominie was the prime mover of all these, and it was observed of him, that, like Goldsmith's "man in black," he always went about with his three-cornered cocked hat, to collect subscriptions, but never was seen to put any thing in it himself. Hence it was affirmed by his admirers, that he was a truly charitable person, who hated ostentation, and always gave in secret. Like Falstaff, however, though nobody, such was the care he took to avoid discovery, ever detected him in being charitable himself, he was certainly the cause of charity in others. So much, indeed, did he excel in the art of levying contributions on the necessities of the poor, that, at one period of our history, there was hardly a labouring man in the village that had a whole coat to his back,

or a child that was not sorely out at the elbows; nay, it may with perfect veracity be affirmed, that the majority of them were in the situation of the veritable "Dicky Doubt," as set forth in the famous couplet of which Dicky is the hero. The following colloquy, between a worthy, hard-working man, called Fospe Ontstout, and his wife, relative to these matters, has been preserved by the Historical Society of Elsingburgh, and will better illustrate the effects of the Dominie's exertions, than any general details. There is a notice of Fospe Ontstout appended to the article, stating, that, being at length reduced to actual poverty, by the attention his wife paid to every body's wants and affairs but those of her family, and the charity she bestowed every where but at home, he

retrieved his affairs entirely, by the lucky thought of getting appointed beggar to two or three societies: "thus," as the old sly boots of an author adds, "thus cunnynglie deportynge hymselfe, belike untoe certaine greenehornes, who, after beyinge sorely plucked, doe incontinentlye turn ymselves aboute, and plucke others ynne theire turne." It is likewise noted in the old manuscript, that Fospe's wife was a plump, rosy-faced dame, and reckoned one of the prettiest women in the whole village.

It was a cold, raw evening, and Fospe, after being out all day in the sleet and rain cutting wood, returned home, cold, wet, and hungry, and addressed his wife as follows:

Fospe. Terese, my good girl, my feet are as wet as a drowned rat. 'Give me

a pair of dry stockings from those I bought the other day of the pedlar from New York.

Terese. I can't, my dear; I gave them all to the society last night. The Dominie says we must give all our sparings to the poor, and tells us we shall never miss what we give away in this manner.

Fospe. Hum! I wish the Dominie would make his words good, for I feel just now very uncomfortable, and miss very much the dry stockings you gave away to the society. But I suppose there's no help for it; so, as I have no money just now, I must borrow the shilling I gave *Hans* for Christmas, and step over to the shop to buy a pair.

Terese. But, my dear, Hans has parted with his money already.

Fospe. What, the young rogue has been at the cake-shop, I suppose?

Terese. No, my dear, Dominie Kanttwell persuaded us to give it to the society, and promised to mention *Hans*, in his sermon next Sunday, before the whole congregation.

Fospe. Well, what's done can't be undone; we must sell the pig, for my stockings are not only wet, but worn out, and I must have a dry pair, wife.

Terese. To be sure, but, my dear, the pig is gone too.

Fospe. What, has he run away, or been stolen?

Terese. No, my dear; but the Dominie begged him for the society; he assured me the pig would be returned tenfold to us.

Fospe. Um! ay! Well, Terese, just

run to the pig-sty, and see if the ten pigs have arrived. We must part with one of them immediately. But stay ; it is wet, and you'd better not go out this evening, Call Hans, and I'll send him.

Terese. Here he comes, my dear.

Fospe. Why, he looks like a beggar's brat, all in rags. I wish, my dear, you would mend his trowsers, for you see his knees are all naked.

Terese. I would, my dear, but really I haven't time. The society has agreed to make up six dozen suits for the poor children of Greenland, who, the Dominie assures us, are starving with cold, and all my time is taken up in labouring for these dear little sufferers. The Dominie says it will bring a blessing on the family.

Fospe. Well, well, the Dominie, I

dare say, is right. Here, Hans, run to the pig-sty, and see if the ten pigs are come.

Terese. Lord, my dear, you don't—you're not such a fool as to believe they are come already.

Fospe. Why not, my dear? The Dominie told you so, and every thing he says is true. But, my dear, what have you got for supper? you know I've had nothing since breakfast. Can't you cook some of the fat venison, left this morning?—come, bustle, my dear, I'm as hungry as a wolf.

Terese. But, my dear, all the fat venison is gone; I—

Fospe. What! you, and Hans, and the rest of the fat rogues, have made away with it, hey? Well, never mind,

I'm glad you've got good stomachs and something to fill them.

Terese. No, no, my dear, we made our dinner of the fresh fish you caught yesterday, from under the ice. The Dominie begged the venison; for a poor family, he said, had given all they could spare to the society, and were now sick and starving.

Fospe. Very well, Terese, we mustn't refuse to help people that are sick and starving. But though I'm not sick, I'm almost starved myself. Do bake me a warm Indian cake, will you? come, that's a good girl.

Terese. I would, my dear, but how worldly-minded you are! The Dominie says we mustn't think of such things: don't you see the fire is all gone out?

Fospe. Yes, and feel it too; but how came you to let it go out, my dear, this raw, cold day?

Terese. Why, my dear, Dominie Kanttwell called for me to go with him to a meeting, and so—

Fospe. Hum! but what became of the children while you were gone?

Terese. Why, I locked them all up together, and put out the fire, for fear of accidents.

Fospe. Careful mother! Well, I'll go and make a fire, and then you shall bake me the Indian cake, while I dry myself by the blaze.

Terese. Yes, my dear; but—

Fospe. But what, Terese?

Terese. Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, I am engaged to go with the Dominie to a love-feast this evening, and

it is now about the time. The Dominie says, that baking cakes, mending our children's clothes, and all that, is but filthy rags, compared with love-feasts and prayer-meetings.

The patience of poor Fospe was now quite exhausted;—"The d—l take the Dominie," cried he; "I wish he had my wet feet and empty stomach for his night's portion, with all my heart." Just then the Dominie entered, with a stately step, and sonorous "hem!" that awed the spirit of the good yeoman into silent acquiescence. Terese put on her bonnet and cloak, and accompanied the Dominie to the love-feast, whence she did not return till almost midnight. Poor *Fospe* went to bed wet and hungry, and could not help thinking, as he said his prayers, that the Dominie might

be better employed than in teaching well-meaning women, that the neglect of their domestic duties in this world was the surest passport to happiness in the world to come.

Before concluding this chapter, it is our desire to have it distinctly understood, that we enter not, either directly or indirectly, upon any questions connected with religious controversies, or the utility of any of those numerous societies, which the zeal, the humanity, or the ostentatious vanity of mankind have instituted for the propagation of the faith, or the alleviation of distress. All we design is, to relate what happened in the famous village of Elsingburgh; and if, in so doing, it should appear that indiscreet zeal, sometimes, is found at war with social duties and

social happiness, and that ill-directed charity often impoverishes the industrious without relieving the idle, let us not be blamed for these consequences. They only furnish additional proof, that *excess* is in itself the root of all evil, and that whenever the blessed institution of religion interferes with our social and moral obligations, it ceases to be the conservator of human happiness, as well as of human virtue. As the excesses of sensual indulgence destroy the capacity for more refined gratifications, so do those of a fanatical religion blight and wither the most amiable feelings of the heart, rendering us insensible to many of the purest, the most exalted, delights, of which our nature is susceptible.

CHAPTER III.

> "Let fools gaze
> At bearded stars, it is all one to me
> As if they had been shaved.
> I will out-beard a comet any day,
> Or night either, marry."

All this while the poor Heer remained without a hope, without a comforter, his mind ever running on the blue-eyed maiden he had, peradventure, lost for ever. The judgment which, according to aunt Edith's theory, had fallen upon his head, for the punishment of his sinful delights in contemplating the mild virtues and gentle, unobtrusive charms of his duteous, affectionate daughter, seemed only to

bind him more closely to the earth, for he could think of naught but her. There is no surer sign of a profound and lasting wound of the heart, than when we turn in sickening disgust from those little amusements, habits, or gratifications, which long custom has either endeared to us, or rendered difficult to shake off. Thus the good Heer now never was seen to smoke his pipe at morn or evening, or heard to swear in classic High Dutch, sure evidences that his heart was almost broken. His sole employment was in doing nothing, although he was incapable of sitting still more than a minute at a time. Like Bombie of the Frizzled Head, he wandered and wandered about, seeming without purpose, or even consciousness, until some sound, some object, some

nothing, as it would seem, struck upon one of those chords by which every thing that is beautiful or sweet in nature is connected with the memory of those we love, and have lost. Then his trembling lip, and wan, wet eye, bore testimony, that the light still continued to burn, though the lamp which held it seemed quite broken to pieces.

He no longer took an interest in the affairs of his government, which now fell into the hands of master Wolfgang Langfanger, who thereupon took his full swing of public improvements. He caused new streets to be opened in every direction across the fields, which the good people of Elsingburgh avoided in dry weather on account of the dust, and in wet, on account of the mud. Thus the fine grassy lawns, and rich fields

that whilom yielded a golden harvest of grain, were cut up and laid waste, to wait till the village should grow over them. The unlucky proprietors were in this way, as it were, cut with a two-edged sword; they were obliged to pay for these improvements, and at the same time lost the products of their fields. But the masterpiece of Langfanger's policy was that of pulling down an old market, and building a new one in another part of the village, in the management of which business he is supposed to have laid down the first principles of the great and thriving science of political economy, or picking people's pockets on a great scale. He caused the people living near the old market to pay roundly for its removal as a nuisance; and then he caused the people that lived about

where the new one was to be built, to pay roundly for the vast pleasure and advantage of its neighbourhood. Thus he pinched them through both ears, and got the reputation of a great financier.

There was muckle scratching of heads at Elsingburgh, and serious complaints made to the Governor; but that good man paid little or no attention either to his own wants or to those of his people. He was, indeed, desolate and forlorn. The Dominie now seldom came near him, because he refused to be comforted by his assurances that the loss of his only child was a great blessing, if properly considered; aunt Edith was quite elevated above the world and all things in it, save the meeting of the elect at societies, love-feasts, and the like. She held such bereavements as

the loss of children, parents, friends, and brothers, as trifles which affected none save the worldly-minded, the chosen vessels of wrath; and considered the performance of domestic duties as among the filthiest of those filthy rags, miscalled good works. Nay, the veritable Bombie of the Frizzled Head, although she continued duteously to serve up the favourite dish of pepper-pot at supper-time, obstinately refused to sympathize with him in the extremity of his sorrows.

"Ah! if my poor lost Christina were here," would he sometimes exclaim, when any little string was touched that brought her loss home to him—"ah! if *she* were here, I should not be left thus alone. But what is an old man like me, without the tender and duteous minis-

trations of a virtuous daughter? he is a trunk, whose roots are decayed—whose branches are blighted—whose heart, hollow and decayed, is only the refuge of the worm that never dies. Snow-ball, witch, devil, whatever thou art, tell me. dost thou think I shall ever see my poor Christina more?"

"I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know."

"Well, well," impatiently rejoined the Heer; "I suppose you do; most people can say that of themselves. But hast thou seen, and dost thou know, more than other people? Answer me, scourge of Satan—dost thou think we shall ever meet again!"

"There—perhaps, "replied the Frizzled Head, pointing her horn-headed stick towards the blue sky, that was

studded with stars, among which the new crescent of the moon held its course, like a bark of pearl in a sea of azure—"there, where the purified spirit finds its last serene abode—or"—dropping her stick to point to the earth—"*there*, where"——

"Away, thou screeching day-owl," interrupted the Heer; "blasted be the heart that conceived, the breath that shall utter such a prophecy! Why, I—I indeed have sometimes soiled my immortal spirit with the stain of worldly sins; but she—Oh! she was pure as the flake of snow in its midway flight from the heavens, ere it reaches this contaminated earth; she was"——

"Ay, Heer, she *was*—and which of us, in looking back, cannot put our finger on the point of time when we

too were innocent? Months have passed away, since my daughter left thee, but in less time than that, according to thy book of faith, the angels lost their place in heaven; a third part of the stars that glittered around the throne of Him who made us all, black, red, and white, alike, tumbled to the earth,—ay, lower than the earth—into the bottomless gulf; he who was called the Son of the Morning, fell among the rest, and foremost of them all. Wilt thou say, then, that because thy daughter was pure and innocent months ago, she must of necessity be so still?"

"Pestilent imp of darkness, seed of sulphur, scourge of my blasted hopes, torturer of my broken heart," cried the Heer, "be silent, or tell me what thou really knowest of my lost child."

"I know," replied the Frizzled Head, "that she still lives, for had she died, I should have seen and spoken with her, ere her body had passed into the tomb. I know she lives, but that is all I know. Whether thou wilt ever see her, here or hereafter, I cannot tell; and if I cannot, none other can; for I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know. I saw thy child carried like a lamb from its fold, in company with the wolf that seeks to devour her; I warned him by the memory of the past, the hope of the future; I adjured him by the fate of the mother, by the kindness of the father, the affection of the daughter, by all that good men hold sacred and villains scorn, to be unto her a true and watchful shepherd: he appealed to heaven he would. But

if man is a wolf to man, what is he to woman? At first, the cringing slave, and next the unfeeling tyrant."

"But, shall I see her again before I die?" reiterated the Heer, who, in the weakness of sorrow, sought to wring from the Frizzled Head, even what he would not dare to believe when it was uttered.

"The revolving sun often brings every thing back to where it was before. Thou mayst, perhaps, see her again; she may one day come to thee, when she hath forgotten herself and her parent; when time, and hardships, and the example of those around her, have worn out all traces of thy gentle, delicate, and duteous daughter. She may return with a painted face, and limbs dilated into a clumsy magnitude, by toil

and exposure to the wintery winds, and the labours which brutal man puts on our sex, when neither honour nor shame restrains his wanton tyranny; she may come with a pappoose!"

"Hence!" burst forth the almost maddened Heer; "hence, wholesale dealer in the devil's haberdashery; away! offspring of wrath and fire; drown thyself in the river, hang thyself on the highest tree in the forest, or rather live, and waste away thy black and blasted flesh in tortures, such as thou hast inflicted upon a poor, childless old man—begone, and *der teufel hole dich.*"

This was the first time the Heer had relapsed into High Dutch since the loss of Christina, and if the truth were known, it is believed the Frizzled Head purposely provoked him in this

manner, that he might sometimes forget his daughter in rage against his slave. But she failed in her object. The anger of the master was momentary; the grief of the father was without end.

CHAPTER IV.

" Were it not that I pity the multitude of printers, these chapters had never been written. But besides, I find it necessary to refresh my dulness every day by eating, for, by 'r Lady, Minerva loves the larder."

AFTER a conversation similar to that recorded in the last chapter, the Heer seated himself disconsolately in his old arm-chair, and was silently and sorrowfully contemplating a picture, representing his little daughter Christina, then about a year old, nestling on the bosom of her mother, now no more. As a specimen of art the picture was not worth a stiver; but the Heer would not have parted with it for the whole wealth of his territory, for it was almost the

only memorial, save that which he carried in his old broken heart, of the two beings he had loved better than all the world besides. While thus seated, the good Heer communed with his heart, in something like the following soliloquy:—

"Ah! wife of my bosom, and daughter of my affections, ye are gone from me, though in the common course of nature I should rather have departed before you. Alas! a wifeless and childless old man is like the withered trunk of a tree, whose branches have all been lopped off close to its body; without verdure, without leaves, without life, it stands bare to the winds of heaven, the emblem of sterility and decay. No bird nestles in its leafy covert—no animal seeks a shelter in its shade—no

little suckers shoot from its sapless roots, to indicate where the old trunk decayed and died. Where are ye now, my companion in youth, my solace in declining age? The one is a saint in heaven—but the other! my sprightly, kind-hearted, duteous daughter! Her eyes, the colour of heaven, are long ere this closed in darkness; her cheeks, the colour of the rose, are clay cold and blanched now—the prey of sorrow, and the worms. Or perhaps she still lives, a wretched outcast of the woods, the companion of wild beasts, the slave of men wilder than they; shut out from her customary society, deprived of the solace of parental affection, and robbed of all that makes existence aught but a weary burden, a weight that crushes the elastic spirit to the earth, and points it

to the grave as its only refuge. My daughter! my only, my beloved child!"

As the Heer thus indulged himself in melancholy ponderings, his attention was called off by a distant noise, that came to his ear like the shouts of joyful exultation. He listened, but again all was silent. What can it mean, thought he. But the thought was only momentary, and he sunk into his usual train of dark and dismal contemplation. Again the shout was repeated, still nearer, by the noisy tongues of the village train, whose elastic spirits were ever ready to seize occasions for noise and jollity. Nearer, and still nearer, came the rout, until at length the attention of the Heer was roused by something which struck upon his heart like a repetition of Christina's name. He started up, and,

hurrying with faltering steps to the window, beheld, a little way off, a crowd of people, in the midst of which seemed to be a tall, stately figure, mounted on horseback, with something that looked like a woman seated behind him. The waning lamp of his aged eyes would not permit him to distinguish any more. Yet—and the hope glanced upon his heart like lightning—yet, if it should be *her*, returning at last to his arms! As the eye, when long accustomed to darkness, shuts close its lids at the slightest ray of light, so does the mortal spirit, weakened by age, long suffering, melancholy thoughts, and dark forebodings, become overpowered by the first ray of hope that glances into its gloomy recesses. It often happens, too, that the ardent desire to realize a darling hope,

is checked by an apprehension that certainty, instead of leading to fruition, will only lead to disappointment. To minds naturally weak, or weakened by long suffering, uncertainty is less painful than to know the worst.

From one or both these causes, the good Heer, instead of going forth to learn the truth, returned trembling to his chair and there sat waiting, almost in a state of insensibility, the approach of the crowd.

"My father! where, where is he?" exclaimed a voice that went to the innermost soul of the Heer, who sat riveted to his chair, without the power of speech or motion. A moment after, a figure rushed in and threw herself at his feet, kissed his hands, and wept upon them.

"My father, hast thou forgotten

Christina,—or, Oh! heavenly powers! perhaps he has forgotten himself! speak to me, dear father, or kiss me, or press my hand—Oh, do something to show thou rememberest and lovest thy child."

The Heer pressed her hand, in token that he had not forgotten his daughter, but it was some minutes before he became sufficiently recovered to take her to his bosom, weep over, and bless her. When he did, the scene was so moving, that the spectators shed tears of sympathy; and even the dry and parched cheeks of Shadrach Moneypenny exhibited indications of moisture.

"But you must thank my deliverers," said Christina, when the first strong feelings of joy had subsided.

"And who are they?" answered the Heer, wiping his eyes and looking

round, "Ah! Long Finne, art thou there! I dare almost swear thou hadst a hand in my daughter's preservation: come hither, boy, thou art thrice welcome. Is it not so, Christina?"

"I owe my life to him," replied Christina, "but not my liberty, father."

"To whom then? If he is present, I will hug him in my arms; if absent, I will seek him through the world but I will thank him; if he be poor, I will make him rich; if he be rich, he shall have my everlasting gratitude. Stand forth, whoever thou art; the guilty are not ashamed of their evil deeds—why should the virtuous blush for theirs?"

The stiff and upright form of Shadrach Moneypenny now advanced with measured steps towards the Heer, who, on perceiving it approaching, started up,

and hugged Shadrach, with such good will, that the head of the Governor actually dislodged the hat of the other, and it fell to the floor. Shadrach stooped down with great deliberation, and, picking up the hat, placed it on his head, and said—

"Take notice, friend Piper, I pulled not off mine own hat, in reference to thy dignity, or that of thy master, the bloody-minded man who carrieth the gospel of peace upon the incarnadined point of his sword. It fell by accident, verily."

"Be it so," returned the Heer; "thou shalt wear thy beaver in the presence of kings, nay, of the King of kings, if thou likest, my noble benefactor, to whom I owe more than I can ever pay."

“I am not thy benefactor, friend Piper,” quoth Shadrach, “and thou owest me no more than that good-will which we are enjoined to bear towards all our neighbours. What I have done was by the command (or rather, at the request) of William Penn, (for we obey no orders from any man, or body of men, except we list,) who sent me forthwith into the wilderness, with store of glass beads, tobacco, and the like, to redeem thy daughter, together with him they call the Long Finne; likewise friend Dotterel, commonly denominated among the aboriginals the Jumping Sturgeon; and lastly, the coloured lad, bearing the heathen appellative of Cupid, the which I do entreat thee, as a particular favour, to have christened over again, in which

case I will accord myself to stand god-father."

"Well, then," replied the Heer, "I shall bethink myself of some means worthily and magnificently to reward both the good William Penn, and all those who have been the instruments of his benevolence in the redemption of my dear child, whose return to my bosom is as the warmth of spring to the torpid animals of the forest."

"William Penn wants no rewards, neither do I," quoth Shadrach. "When he despatched me forth into the wilderness, and I departed in accordance with his wishes, it was not as if on an expedition of trade or profit. We will exchange with thee good offices, but we cannot sell them."

"Well, but, *der teufel*," replied the Heer, a little ruffled—

"Swear not at all," interrupted Shadrach—"friend Piper, swear not at all. And, now I bethink me, if thou wishest to exhibit thy gratitude to William Penn, or me, his chosen vessel, let it be in the utter abandonment of that unseemly custom, which, I am aggrieved to say, savours of the company and good fellowship of Satan and his imps."

At any other time, this sally of Shadrach would have brought the wrath of the Heer upon him, in a great tempest of expletives; but now he had got his daughter's hand in his, while she herself was seated on the little stool, which whilom supported his gouty foot, and felt so happy at the moment, that he

had neither room nor words for any other feeling.

"Say, then," said he at length, in reply to Shadrach's exhortation—"say that I will come myself, and thank him for having restored to me my child; and think to thyself that I will never forget thy good offices."

"I will so say," rejoined Shadrach. "And now, albeit that I have finished my mission, and done the bidding (or rather the request) of William Penn, I will essay my return from whence I came. Farewell, friend Piper—swear not at all."

Shadrach then shook hands with the Governor, the Long Finne, and the likely fellow Cupid, whom he exhorted to take to himself a new name of Chris-

tian seemliness. He also looked about for the Jumping Sturgeon, who, however, was found wanting, being at that time busily employed in keeping order among his old enemies, the roystering urchins of Elsingburgh. The spirit then moved Shadrach Moneypenny to approach the fair Christina, which he did with great gallantry, his beaver being up in front.

"Maiden," quoth Shadrach, "umph! verily thou art fair, and comely therewithal: will shake hands with thee for old acquaintance sake. Verily, I say again, thou art exceeding fair and comely: I will salute thee, maiden, being thereunto moved by having sojourned with thee in the wilderness. Verily, I say a third time, maiden, thou art altogether and without equal fair and come-

ly ; I will embrace thee in the spirit, being thereunto moved by—"

But Shadrach, as he opened his arms to carry into execution his sober wishes, like another Ixion, embraced a cloud. Christina had taken advantage of his habit of elevating his eyes to the ceiling, to slip away, unperceived by the good man, who, without the least appearance of being ruffled and disquieted at the disappointment, gravely observed that the maiden was over bashful. He then turned himself as on a pivot, and departed amid the grateful thanks of all, save the Long Finne, who never forgave Shadrach the sin of having touched the red lip of Christina.

CHAPTER V.

"Most heart-commanding faced gentlewoman, even as the stone in India called basilinus hurts all that look on it, and as the serpent in Arabia, called smaragdus, delighteth the sight, so does thy celestial, orb-assimilating eyes both please, and pleading, pain my love-darted heart."

Euphues and his England.

WHEN Shadrach Moneypenny had gathered himself together, and departed for Coaquanock, the Heer and his little party, being left alone, drew into a circle, and began to compare notes one with another. Perhaps one of the most pleasing results of the meeting of long separated friends is this mutual interchange of the relations of past events. Our little self-love is gratified in telling all that has happened to us, and our

curiosity, perhaps a better feeling, feasted with the chronicle of what has befallen to others. Alternately the hero and the auditor of these domestic legends, each one enjoys a temporary hour of supremacy, and all are pleased, because all have their turn in talking. The happy Heer, seated between his daughter and the Long Finne, holding a hand of the former, questioned and answered, and listened, and talked, like a boy; for the return of his darling had made him feel young again.

The party consisted only of the three, with the occasional intrusion of the Frizzled Head, and her likely grandson, who, under various pretences, went and came, without having any positive errand to justify the intrusion. The good aunt Edith was, as usual, lying abed, too sick

even to admit of a visit from her niece, which she feared might agitate her so much that she would not be able to attend a prayer-meeting on the ensuing evening. The worthy Dominie Kanttwell, too, was either engaged, or pretended to be so, and came not to congratulate the Heer on the return of his only child from captivity among the wild men of the woods. Indeed, it was shrewdly suspected, that the good man, as well as aunt Edith, were both somewhat mortified at the failure of their favourite doctrine of temporal judgments, on this occasion, as exemplified in the happy return of Christina; and there were those who did not scruple to insinuate, that the Dominie was sorely wounded in spirit, at the downfal of a plan for benefiting the church, which depended

on the absence of the fair Christina, and a certain alteration in the Heer's will, which he did not despair of bringing about in time.

"Ah! poor Ludwig!" cried the Heer, as Koningsmarke related the manner in which he had cheated the savages of their bloody feast—"ah! brave, merry, thoughtless, swearing rogue! he lived only for the present breath he drew, and thought not of the next moment, much less of the morrow. Jolly varlet! he was as brave as the great Gustavus, not to mention another person, whose name it would not become me to utter, being that self-praise is but another name for self-blame. He used to say, that a man who feared not what the present moment could bring, yet shrunk from the next, was like a

superstitious blockhead, that would wrestle with flesh and blood, and run away from his own shadow. Honest Wolfgang Langfanger and he could never agree, for Wolfgang thought nothing of the present, I mean in a worldly point of view; while Ludwig held, that in the firm of Past, Present, and Future, the first and the last were little more than sleeping partners. Ah! pleasant, merry varlet, would I could hear him swear again! But now," continued the Heer, addressing himself to Koningsmarke—" now tell me about thyself. How didst thou live, and how did my poor little girl endure the savage thraldom—hey? Thy hand is not so soft nor so white as it used to be, my daughter," said he, as he pressed it tenderly in his own.

This led to a recapitulation of the events detailed in our preceding chapters, in which Christina and Koningsmarke, alternating, related their dangers and sufferings, omitting certain tender scenes, only interesting to the performers. The Heer alternately laughed and wept. As they related the adventures of Lob Dotterel's wig, and the adoption of that trusty officer into the tribe of the Muskrats, he indulged in bursts of merriment, and ever after called him by the name of the Jumping Sturgeon. The sufferings of his dear child melted his heart; and when she told him of the kindness of little Aonetti, the Deer Eyes, he declared his determination to have her sought out, and brought to Elsingburgh, that he might reward her, by the affec-

tion of a father, for her goodness to his daughter. Christina, however, for some reason or other, which, as she did not avow, we should hold ourselves guilty of betraying her confidence if we disclosed, did not second this motion, and the good Heer was too happy to notice her apparent indifference to her adopted sister.

"And now," exclaimed the Heer, when they had finished the relation of their adventures—"and now, Koningsmarke, my dear son, for such thou hast been to me, tell me how I may best reward thee, for having saved the life of my child, and oftentimes watched over her safety in the desolate wilderness. I have wealth, more than enough for my wants; speak, and as much of

it is thine as shall place thee above the world."

Koningsmarke replied not, but shook his head, looked at Christina, and sighed.

"No?" said the good Heer, answering his look and shake of the head; "no? Thou art proud, then, and disdainest to be repaid for thy kindness to an old man and his daughter with money. But remember, I am at least thy debtor for a handful of Mark Newby's halfpence," added he, smiling.

"Money cannot repay me for what I have done for thy daughter," rejoined Koningsmarke, with an air and tone of melancholy pride.

"No? *Der teufel!* but—what? thou

holdest thy favours above all price, then?"

"None think less than I do of what I have done for others: what others do for me, is a different affair."

"Well, then, I have some influence with the great Gustavus, who, no doubt, remembers the good service I did him, in taking a corporal's guard. I will use it in thy behalf, and entreat him, as I am old and feeble, and wish for retirement, to appoint thee my successor in the government of New Swedeland—hey?"

The Long Finne again shook his head, and was silent.

"What, then, *du galgen schivenkel,*" exclaimed the Heer, waxing wroth apace—"what! then thou disdainest

my friendship, and contemnest my gratitude? Harkye, *henkers knecht*, be pleased to comprehend, that I hold when a man refuses to be repaid for favours he confers, he cancels the obligation. Lookye, Long Finne—am I not old enough to be thy father? am I not the representative of the great Gustavus? am I not obliged to thee for the safety of my only child? 'Sfoot, sir—and dost thou dare to tell me, thus to my face, that it is not thy pleasure to be rewarded? Now mark me, youngster—either name thy reward, or fight me to-morrow morning, with good broad swords. I'll teach thee to encumber me with a load of gratitude sufficient to smother Shadrach Moneypenny's great horse, and then refuse to assist me in

getting rid of it. Come, stripling, name thy reward, or shalt smoke for it to-morrow."

Koningsmarke dropped on his knee, and, taking the hand of Christina, pressed it to his lips and his heart.

"I deserve her not—I ask her not—I dare not ask you for her. But, Oh! Heer—if she owes her life to me, as well as to thee—if I have watched, and toiled, and fought for her—if I have borne her in my arms, when her own limbs refused to support her, through the irksome wilderness—if I have been to her as a brother, to you as a son—think what I could wish—not what I ask, or deserve as a recompense—the only recompense you can bestow, or I accept."

"What! *henkers knecht*—my daugh-

ter, hey? By the glory of the immortal champion, Gustavus, but that is indeed cancelling the obligation! Thou first gavest me my daughter, and now thou wilt take her away again. Thou wouldst rob me of the treasure thou hast just found and restored to me?"

"Not rob thee, Heer; I would wish to double the blessing, by adding to the solace of a daughter's tender ministry, the support of a duteous, grateful son."

"And thou wouldst not ask her to abandon her poor old father?"

"No—we would live and die with thee. Thy house should be our home; and, if it so pleased Heaven, our graves should be close to thine."

"Sayest thou, coward! ha! thou hadst rather marry, then, than meet my old

rusty broad sword? Well, thou art a prudent young stripling after all. Christina, hast got a fever, for within these last fifteen minutes, thy pulse hath risen to a truly alarming pitch? Christina, what shall I say to this worthy lad, who so well understandeth the value of his services? Truly, honest Finne, thou shalt be made superintendent of the Indian trade, being as thou so well comprehendest the mysteries of bargaining."

If a young woman can possibly be brought to say yes, to such a question as that of the Heer, it must be when she is alone with the person that asks it, unless we are mistaken in our recollection of the pure and delicate Dan Cupid,.that whilom used to fan the flame

of love in female hearts. Christina replied not.

"Well," said the Heer, "silence gives consent. Thou art no true woman, Christina, if thou art not ready to devote thyself to the wishes of one, who gave thee life, and of that good-looking youth, who hath preserved it more than once. Here, Long Finne, here is her hand; if she dissents, she has only to signify so much by withdrawing it."

Christina did not withdraw her hand, although her pale cheek, and trembling frame, bore testimony that though she gave herself to Koningsmarke, it was not with that ample trust, that boundless confidence, that unshrinking, measureless hope, with which the ardent, inexperienced maid so often throws

herself, her virtues, her wealth, and her beauty into the bosom of man.

"This day shall be kept as the happiest of my life," cried the Heer. "It is—yes, it is the day I was married, the day of thy birth, Christina; the day, too, in which God gave thee to me a second time, that I might secure thy happiness by giving thee to one whom Providence made the instrument of thy preservation. Blessed be this day!"

"It is the day of thy wife's death, too!" exclaimed the Frizzled Head, who was always flitting about like the bird of night, and always croaking. "It is the day of thy wife's death; thy wife, who, if she could at this blessed moment lift the shroud and come among you, would hold up her bloodless hand, and shriek in ghostly accents against

this unhappy union; forbidden by the memory of the past, the auguries of the future. I, that know what thou, Heer, knowest not—I, that have seen what thou didst not see, I tell thee, Heer, I tell thee, weak maiden, and," holding up her withered finger in scorn, to Koningsmarke, "I tell *thee*, that rather than this accursed marriage should take place, I will say what shall blast thy purpose, and send thee wandering again to another new world, if such there be. Better be dead than wedded thus."

"Housekeeper of Satan!" answered the Heer, "avaunt, fly, skip—herald of wrath and abomination! When was it that I was ever inclined to be merry, that thou didst not essay to turn my gaiety into gloomy forebodings? When did I ever open my heart to the memory

of past, or the anticipation of future, happiness, that thou camest not, like the raven, to croak me into fancied misery? When did the sun shine ever warm on my heart, that thou didst not come and freeze it stiff and cold? Away, and howl in churchyards, at midnight; scream into the ear of guilt thy accursed maledictions. Be silent with that eternal clapper of thine, or speak to be understood, or"—

"I do howl in the ears of guilt, and I speak to be understood by those I wish to understand me. Those now hear me, who know full well what I mean, yet dare to despise my warnings; who would rush into each other's arms, even though the grave of a mother lay between them and their desires; who—

but the time is not yet come, that I must and will speak out."

"Then, in the name of Heaven, be quiet till then, and do not mar this happy hour. I would thou wert silent, even as the grave thou speakest of; for thy talking is worse than the screech-owl, the wolf, and the Indian, all joining in concert with the midnight storm. How is it, that thou wouldst mar the happiness of thy master and young mistress?"

"I mar their happiness!" retorted the Snow Ball; "I seek to prevent their misery; to save virtue from the contamination of vice; to revenge the death of her, who, of all thy colour and thy race, was the only one whose kindness was never accompanied by insult—whose benefits were never cancelled by

capricious tyranny. Heer, why do I take an interest in the prosperity of thy household? Why do I seek thy happiness? It is not that thou art, in the language of thy haughty race, my master, but because thou wert the husband of the kindest being that ever breathed the breath of life. Daughter of my mistress, why do I watch over thy welfare? It is not that thou art the child of my master, and I thy slave, but that *she* was thy mother, and that with her latest breath she besought me to be unto thee a watchful and devoted servant, to see that no harm fell upon thy innocent head. Such I have been—such I will be, until I join my mistress, where I may be permitted, though black as ink, to say to her snow-white spirit, I did my duty to her at least.

"The yellow plague seize thee, thou incomprehensible riddle of darkness," cried the Heer. "Begone, for I swear to thee, Snow Ball, the Long Finne shall marry my daughter, though thou talkest thyself white in the face. To-morrow shall be the day, and then, when I have secured my girl a protector in weal and wo, in storm and sunshine, I am ready to obey that call which, sooner or later, brings all mankind to their last muster. Depart in peace, old sinner, and hold thy peace, if such a matter be possible."

"I go," replied the Frizzled Head, without moving a step. "Heer! Heer! thou wilt remember, when I am dead, in sorrow and remorse, that I warned thee, yet thou wouldst not listen. When the storm comes, and thou and thine

shall be laid low in the dust, thy roots bare, and thy branches broken, like the trees after a whirlwind, then thou shalt weep, and tear thy gray hairs, and call upon the mountains to fall, the rocks to cover thee: but it will be vain. Thou shalt invoke death, but he will not come; thou shalt seek the grave, but it will not open to thee; thou shalt live, despairing, until thy legs shall refuse to carry thee, thy hands to lift themselves to thy head, and thy mind and body become those of the helpless infant."

During this mysterious colloquy, Christina had remained speechless and motionless, her cold and almost lifeless hand grasped in that of Koningsmarke, who himself remained silent, as if overawed by the horrible fluency of the

sable prophetess. There is something allied to the sublime in futurity; and even the strongest mind, fortified by the consciousness of innocence, involuntarily shrinks when the veil is withdrawn, and renders the homage of its fears, where it refuses that of its faith.

"Daughter of the kindest mistress that ever fell to one of our unhappy race," resumed Bombie of the Frizzled Head, addressing Christina, "wilt thou devote thy virtue, thy beauty, thy life, to this man. who—"

"Who twice saved mine," hastily interrupted Christina; "I am bound by my faith to do so. When we parted, never expecting to meet again; when he was going to be tortured at the stake, for having sought to restore me to

my father; and when it seemed hardly within the compass or the power of fate to restore him to me, or me to my home, I promised to be his, if we ever lived to return hither. I will keep my word, let what will follow; I will pay the debt of gratitude I owe him, though it be at the price of a broken heart, a blasted fame; yea! even though my mother's spirit should—" Here the poor maiden covered her face with her hands, and became choked with her rising emotions.

"Then be the curse of thy mother on thy head, and on the heads of all that shall be born of thee, as the curse of Cain was upon him and all his posterity—"

Here Christina uttered a shriek, and fell insensible into the arms of her fa-

ther. The Heer raved in agony. "To-day," he cried, "the Lord restored to me a lost child, and to-day, ere yet I had kissed and blessed her, thou—thou, black and malignant devil, has destroyed her. But thou shalt pay for this, thou and all thy accursed race."

"Better thus—better dead, than to live as thou mayest yet live to see her, with a blighted cheek, a broken heart, and a conscience gnawed, morning, noon, and night, sleeping and waking, by the worm that never dies," replied the sibyl.

What more she would have said was interrupted by the intrusion of Lob Dotterel, followed by a number of the villagers, having in custody the body of that likely fellow Cupid. Their presence turned the current of Bombie's

feelings into another channel, and the disclosures that followed led to consequences which will be related in the succeeding chapters.

BOOK EIGHTH.



CHAPTER I.

It hath been aptly and truly said, that "there is reason in the roasting of an egg." But, assuredly, if the roasting of an egg to please every palate requires great discretion, the boiling of one is a matter of much more difficult attainment. Some people like their eggs as hard as a bullet, in defiance of that mortal foe to good eating, erewhile known by the name of the spleen, afterwards christened bile, and now of universal acceptation, as the dyspepsia. Others will have their eggs raw, or so nearly raw, as to puzzle human reason to de-

cide whether they are raw or boiled. A third party, who may be denominated *tertium quids*, prefer them half boiled, and so on, through every gradation, from one extreme to the other.

It is astonishing, what a number of families there are, both in the old and new world, whose peace almost entirely depends on the judicious boiling of those oddities, which, from the first cackling of the hen to their being served up at the breakfast table, or hatched into chickens, seem destined to give great trouble to the fair sex. Certain it is, that the boiling of eggs is a matter of great moment to the peace of society and the happiness of mankind. We have seen a lord of the creation put out of humour for a whole day, because his egg had been kept ten seconds too long

in the skillet. Nay, we have more than once beheld a lively, good-humoured Frenchman, who was the life of a stage coach all night long, eat twenty hard boiled eggs in the morning at breakfast, and grumble all the while at the cook, the house, and all within it, except the pretty bar maid.

And here we will observe, that the best possible test of a gentleman is his behaviour at a dinner, breakfast, or supper table, in a hotel or steam-boat. It is there that his pretensions are put to the touchstone, and that fine clothes fail to hide from observation the clown that lurks beneath them. If we find him snatching at every dish within his reach; filling his plate with fish, flesh, and fowl; eating as if his last, or rather his first, meal were come; and, at the

same time, looking about with eyes as wide open as his mouth, to see what next to devour—not velvet cloth coat, dandy pantaloons, or corset dire, will suffice to place him in the rank of gentleman. Were we to express our idea of a well-bred man in one word, we would say, he was a gentleman, even in his eating; nor would we hesitate to place any man in that class, who, being fond of soft eggs, should be able to eat them boiled hard, without grumbling. We remember, for we delight to remember every thing connected with that gay, good-humoured, sprightly old gentleman, Deidrich Knickerbocker, that he always superintended boiling his eggs himself, by a stop watch, and more than once came near to scalding his fingers, in his haste to rescue his favourites

from the boiling element, ere the fatal crisis was passed.

This diversity of taste extends to almost every enjoyment and luxury of life, more especially to books, in the composition of which, notwithstanding so many appearances to the contrary, we will venture to say, that almost as much reason is necessary, as in the roasting or boiling of eggs. Some readers like what are called hard studies, as some men like hard eggs; while others luxuriate in raw sentiment, and melting, drivelling, ropy softness. Some delight in impossible adventures, and others in common-place matter of fact. In short, it is quite unnecessary to insist on what the experience of all mankind verifies every hour of the day.

It is in order to accommodate, as far

as possible, every class of readers, that we have endeavoured, in the course of this work, to do what we are fully convinced can easily be done, namely, please all sorts of people, whether lovers of hard or soft eggs. We mean all those who are naturally inclined to be pleased with every thing; which class includes, beyond doubt, a majority of mankind; for, as to the critics, and other ill-disposed people, whose pleasure consists in being displeased, we have nothing to say to such unreasonable people, except that whatever faults are incorporated in this work, were wilfully placed there, for the sole purpose of affording them the pleasure of grumbling a little.

Our introductory chapters are intended for the deepest philosophers, who will find therein matters of weighty import;

our historical details are for the inveterate lovers of truth ; our love scenes for all whom it may concern ; our gravity for the aged ; our jests for the young ; our wisdom is at any body's service that can find it out ; and the sublime declamation of the Frizzled Head is particularly intended for the refreshment of ladies and gentlemen of colour, who, it is presumed, will become ere long sufficiently enlightened to scold their masters, and bully their mistresses, into a proper sense of equality.

CHAPTER II.

"From fire, and water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice."

THE interruption to the eloquence of the Frizzled Head, recorded in the last chapter of the seventh book of this veracious history, was, as the reader may recollect, occasioned by the intrusion of a crowd of the inhabitants of Elsingburgh, headed by Lob Dotterel, having in custody that likely fellow, the goblin Cupid. Lob's hand had been out so long, that, although by no means an ill-natured or malicious person, his fingers itched to lay hold of a culprit of some kind or other. The moment, therefore,

that he resumed the duties of high constable of Elsingburgh, he began to look about sharply, and make most diligent inquisition into the affairs of the village, in order, if possible, to catch some one tripping. Failing in this, he bethought himself of certain boastings of Cupid, during their captivity among the Indians, from which it appeared, that this likely youth had not only given information to the hostile savages, but actually caused, by his immediate agency, the blowing up of the magazine, and consequent destruction of Elsingburgh.

The high constable, stimulated by a longing desire of labouring once again in his favourite vocation, perhaps actuated, too, by a consciousness of the necessity of exposing and punishing a crime so dangerous to the existence of

all the little communities that were springing up in this new world, as that of conspiring with the savages, laid this information before master Wolfgang Langfanger. Langfanger was at this time perfectly at leisure to attend to the affair, having just wrought up the village to a state of improvement, to which nothing could be added and nothing taken away, since, in truth, he had left the good people exceedingly bare of all resources for either public or private emergencies. By his direction, Lob Dotterel forthwith summoned the *posse comitatus*, and proceeded to search for the goblin Cupid, whom, it is recorded, they found most lovingly consorting with his old friend Grip, who still survived, and discovered nearly as much sensibility, on this occasion, as

the far-famed dog of Ulysses, from which honest Grip was very possibly a lineal descendant.

The moment master Lob laid his terrible paw on the shoulder of the goblin Cupid, in the way of hostility, did honest Grip take a similar liberty with the heel of the high constable, which he continued to hold in his teeth, but without actually biting through the skin. Lob was no Achilles, and if he had been, he was, like that hard-talking hero, at least vulnerable in his heel. The salutation of Grip was therefore highly obnoxious to the high constable, who called on the posse to assist him in the discharge of his functions. But not one of these worthy citizens had the least inclination in the world to risk an encounter with the white tusks of

Cupid's guardian angel, for the public benefit. They therefore contented themselves with calling off the dog, who resisted all their coaxing and blandishments, till one of them bethought himself of producing a bone. Every dog has his price, and the fidelity of Grip, sorry we are to record it, yielded to the irresistible seductions of the marrow-bone. All the excuse we can allege for this ignominious conduct, is, that poor Grip had been much neglected in the absence of his friend Cupid, and that he was now half starved. But, after all, we fear this circumstance only furnishes another indication of that downhill course of every thing in this world, which is so clearly discerned by every man after he passes the age of forty, and begins to go down hill himself.

It is then that, like a passenger in a swift-sailing vessel, while sitting apparently still himself, he sees every thing else going backwards, though in reality it is himself that is outstripping all things, in his progress to the end of his journey. Be this as it may, the dog seized his bone, and, retreating to his strong hold under an old piazza, began to discuss it with such earnestness, that his old friend Cupid was carried away, without exciting even a growl of disapprobation.

"Well, master constable," quoth the Heer, as Lob entered with Cupid in custody, "what is the matter now? hast thou been exercising thy functions already? hast thou caught a sinner? hey? Take notice, I pardon him outright, for no one shall date his shame or his punishment from the day when my

child was returned to me from the wilderness. What hath this boy done?"

Lob Dotterel then proceeded to detail the confession, or rather boast of the Goblin, that they might thank him for their captivity, and the burning of Elsingburgh, as he had not only given information to the savages of the proper time for making the attack, but had actually himself blown up the magazine.

"It is a lie: he never said so, or, if he did, he bore false witness against himself," cried the Frizzled Head, who had discovered great agitation, from the moment Cupid was brought in by Lob Dotterel.

"Silence!" exclaimed Lob, with the gravity of the worthy Rinier Skaats, erewhile crier and queller of noisy curs and falling shovels and tongs, in the

ancient city hall of Gotham, now levelled, like the good Rinier himself, with yea, below the dust of the earth.

"Silence thou!" retorted Bombie of the Frizzled Head; "silence! scraper of night cellars, inquisitor of dungeons, keen-scented hound of two legs, whose delight is to hunt down, equally, the guilty who sin wilfully, and the innocent who cannot defend themselves."

"Silence! I say," cried the Heer, in a voice of unequalled authority; "silence! dost think there is nobody to talk but yourselves, ye scum of a kettle of boiled porpoises? If we all talk at once, I should like to know where the listeners are to come from, *der teufel hole dich.*"

"I will not be silent," quoth the Snow Ball; "I will speak, Heer, for it

is the only right reserved by our unhappy race. Shall we be trod under foot, and not turn? Shall we be beaten, and not curse? Shall we be oppressed, ground to the earth, abused, insulted, manacled, enslaved, and not rail? Heer! Heer! the heart and the tongue cannot be held in fetters; the one will engender, the other mutter curses in secret, even as dogs howl to the moon, when there is nothing else to bay. Beware, beware; it is but for me to speak out, and the fabric of thy happiness will crumble to the earth; thou wilt go down to the grave, not as a happy old man, beholding his children, and his children's children, sporting around his decaying roots, but like a wretched being, seeking in death, not immortality, but a refuge from recollec-

tions of the past, that swallow up all fears of the future. Touch not a hair of that boy's head, or thy own gray hairs shall assuredly go down to the grave in anguish and unutterable despair."

"Had it been any thing but this," rejoined the Heer, who, stout-hearted as he was, could not help feeling, he might not exactly tell how, at these mysterious denunciations—"had it been any lesser offence, I would have pardoned it, and offered up my forgiveness at the shrine of this happy day. But the crime of this boy is one that endangers the safety and the lives of communities and states; —it has cost us our good town and fort of Elsingburgh, both consumed in the flames; it has cost us the lives of our dear and worthy counsellor Ludwig Varlett, and the poor Claas Tomeson,

his wife and child; and it has cost me months of unutterable misery. My own sufferings I might forget; those of my child I might forgive; but as the guardian and protector of my people, I must see justice done upon one who has been the instrument of destruction to their homes, and of exile bondage, and tortures, to their friends and neighbours. As I live, thy grandson shall be tried to-morrow, if it please God; and if he doth not clear himself of this heavy charge, so surely as the morrow comes, he shall be made to feel at least some part of what he hath made others feel and suffer. Go thy ways, old woman, and pray that thy lad may be found innocent, for it is only his innocence that can shield him now."

"Innocent!" retorted the Frizzled

Head—" Innocent! Dost thou tell me, Heer, that innocence is a surety against condemnation and punishment in this world? I, that have seen the finger of scorn pointing at an innocent child, not for its own guilt, but the guilt of its parents—I, that have seen the strong giant, wickedness, bestriding the world, and crushing the unoffending helpless beneath him—I, that have seen innocent hearts broken asunder, by being made to bear the burthen and the shame of others' crimes—I, that have every where beheld the seeds of good reaped by the wicked, and the seeds of evil gathered by the virtuous man—I!—talk to me of my child's innocence being a shield of protection! Had I not forgot to laugh, long, many long years ago, I would laugh in thy face, Heer, though my bur-

then in this life is to bear the heavy load of inferiority to the lowest, the meanest, the vilest of thy race."

"He shall be tried by the laws of the land, and adjudged by his neighbours," quoth the Heer.

"The laws of the land!" rejoined the Snow Ball. "Had he any voice in making these laws? Has he any interest or stake in that society to which he is held in subjection, and to whose welfare he is to be sacrificed? Neighbours say you! He hath no neighbours; they will sit in judgment upon him, not as beings placed on a level with a slave, sharing his feelings, his wrongs, and his resentment. No, Heer, that which alone gives rise to the sympathy between man and man, is when he puts himself in the place of his neighbour,

and asks his heart what he would do, or feel, or suffer, if placed in his neighbour's situation. But alas! my master, what sympathy can there ever be betwixt the freeman and the slave."

"Go thy ways," mildly, yet firmly replied the Heer, waving his hand for her to depart. "There is some truth in what thou sayest; but still, I declare to thee, he shall clear himself of this crime to-morrow, or lay down his life to expiate it. Go thy ways. I pity thee—but thou talkest to the winds."

"Then may thy last petition, on thy death-bed, be howled out to the winds, as I do now! But it is not alone I and mine that shall suffer; thou and thine, Heer, will live to rue the hour when the only being that owns kindred or fellowship with me in this wide world shall

be made a spectacle and a victim. Before I go, as I shall surely go, when that hour arrives, I will lay that on thy heart shall make it bleed or break; I will pour out a vial of wrath on thy gray head, and on the innocent head of thy child, that shall blast and scorch them, as the lightning scorches the earth, so that neither grass, nor herbage, nor any thing green, ever grows there again."

"Let it be so—if it must, it must. I shall do my duty, let come what will," quoth the Heer, at the same time directing that a high court should be held on the morrow, for the trial of Cupid; who, in the interim, was intrusted to the care of Lob Dotterel, to be guarded with all possible vigilance. The sable lad had all this while maintained a dogged silence, either trusting to the overwhelm-

ing eloquence of his grandmother, or actuated by that unconquerable obstinacy, which is so often a characteristic of his race, and which in the ignorant is called stupidity—in the enlightened, philosophy.

The party then dispersed their various ways; and it may not be beneath the dignity of this history to record, that the good Heer, who was thus ready to brave the mysterious denunciations of Bombie, in order to further the sacred ends of justice, that night went to bed without his supper, either because he had no appetite, or, rather, as we believe, that the Frizzled Head refused to cook his favourite dish of pepperpot.

CHAPTER III.

"Hem! grass and hay. We're all mortal!"

Betimes the next morning, the trial of the likely fellow Cupid came on in the High Court of Elsingburgh; where presided the Heer in person, assisted by Counsellors Langfanger and Pfegel, and prompted in the mysteries of that most mysterious of all sciences, the law, by six folios of jurisprudence, each one nearly a foot thick, and containing sufficient matter to confound half the universe.

The prisoner was brought in by Lob Dotterel, the gravity of whose deport-

ment would have done credit to a much greater man than himself, and whose attention seemed equally divided between Cupid, and a parcel of his old enemies, the boys, who pressed forward to see what was going to become of their sable playmate. Among those who attended the trial was Bombie of the Frizzled Head, whose agitation was singularly contrasted with the apparently stupid insensibility of her grandson. The prisoner, in fact, seemed almost unconscious of his situation, and stood with folded arms, staring around the room with a vacant abstraction, as if he had no concern in what was going forward.

Those important forms, so essential to the very existence of lawyers, if not of the law, being gone through, and the

indictment read, charging the prisoner, among other matters, with conspiring against the life of the great Gustavus, Cupid was asked the usual question of "guilty, or not guilty?" He made no reply, and continued obstinately silent, affording, in this respect, a singular contrast to her of the Frizzled Head, who it was impossible to keep quiet, though Lob Dotterel cried "silence!" loud enough to be heard across the broad river.

This refusal to plead had like to put a stop to the whole business. Counsellor Langfanger quoted, from a volume ten inches thick, a case which went to establish the doctrine, that it was impossible to try a criminal who would neither confess his guilt, nor assert his innocence. The Heer, on the contrary,

produced a book, at least two inches thicker than the other, and printed in black-letter besides, which rebutted the authority of Counsellor Langfanger's case, and held it sound law to proceed upon the silence of a criminal, in a case of this kind, as on a confession of guilt. We shall not trouble the reader with the arguments adduced in support of the one or the other of these doctrines, but content ourselves with stating the decision of the court, which was, that they would wave insisting upon an answer, and proceed with the trial.

The business was soon over, as at that time there was not a single lawyer in the whole community of Elsingburgh; a proof how much this new world has improved since, there being hardly a village of that size at present in the country, that

hath not at least two lawyers in it, to puzzle the justices and confound the laws of the land. Besides the frequent boasts of Cupid, during the abode in the wilderness, one or two persons deposed, that they had seen that likely youth hovering about the magazine, and at length stealing away in great haste, a few moments before the explosion took place. He was asked if he had any witnesses to produce in his behalf, or any thing to say for himself, but he remained silent as before. The proofs were so clear, that there was little, if any, room for doubt; and the court, after a few minutes, consultation, agreed in pronouncing him guilty, and sentencing him to be hanged, for having conspired with the savages, thereby occasioning the destruction of the village, and the loss of several lives.

This sentence was received by the prisoner with the same immoveable indifference he had hitherto preserved; he made no gesture, he moved not his lips, but continued, as before, to gaze around, without appearing to notice any thing. There was an awful silence throughout the whole court, for there is something in the annunciation of a disgraceful and violent death, from the mouth of a judge, animated by no passion, prejudice, or resentment, but standing there as the oracle of the laws, the mouth-piece of the community, to denounce against the offender the just punishment of his crime, that makes the most volatile serious, the most unthinking shudder. Even the fluent Bombie seemed for once quelled into silence, by the shock of this awful dispensation, and she followed her con-

demned grandson out of the court in dead silence, her head bent down upon her bosom.

Between the condemnation of Cupid and the time appointed for his execution, the Frizzled Head employed herself in making interest with Christina, the Long Finne, and, indeed, every one whose intercession she thought might induce the Heer to mitigate the punishment of her grandson. But the Heer remained immoveable to the solicitations of his daughter and the Long Finne. The crime was of too deep a die; the example of pardon might be of the most pernicious consequences; and the prerogative of mercy ought never to be exercised to the endangering the safety of the state, or the security of life and property.

The day before the execution Bombie

essayed, for the last time, to move the Heer in behalf of her grandson.

" Art thou resolved that he shall die on the morrow ?" said she.

" As surely as to-morrow shall come ; so sure as the sun shall rise, even so surely shall he never live to see it go down," replied the Heer.

" Thou hast forgotten, then, the services I have done to thee and thine ; thou no longer rememberest that I have been to thy wife who is gone a faithful handmaid ; that I ministered to her in sickness and in health, and that, when she died, she bequeathed me to thy care and protection : thou hast forgot that it was I that bore thy infant daughter in my arms, when her own limbs would not support her ; that it was I who, when her mother died, did all I could to

supply the place of a mother to her; and that I have watched, and do still watch, over the welfare of thy child, even while thou art dooming mine to a shameful death. Thou hast forgotten all this, Heer!"

"Say not so," rejoined the Heer, "for so it is not. I remember thou hast been to me and mine a faithful slave, and I am grateful for thy kindness, but—"

"But what?" interrupted the Frizzled Head. "Thou wouldst strive to persuade me of thy good will, while thou refusest me the last request I shall ever make thee. Of what use is thy gratitude to me, if thou wilt not permit it to sway thy actions? what avails it, if, when thou inflictest a wound of death, thou shalt whine in my ear, that thou

art sorry for it? Say that thou wilt spare his life, and I will believe in thy gratitude."

"If the risk of sparing him were mine alone," said the Heer, "I would not hesitate; but I am not acting for myself. The safety of my people depends upon the punishment of those who conspire to destroy them, as did thy grandson. Were I to let him loose, he might again occasion the destruction of our village, and how then should I answer it to my God, my king, or my people?"

"Yes!" retorted the Frizzled Head, with bitterness, "yes! such is the code and the heart of the white man. His duties are ever conflicting with each other, and even the precepts of forgiveness, inculcated by the book which he pretends came directly from heaven,

must yield to laws of his own making. As a Christian, it is his duty to pardon; as a legislator, to punish offences. He cannot love his country without being unjust to his friends, nor fulfil his duties to the public, but at the sacrifice of kindred affection and domestic ties. But, once more—once more, and for the last time, art thou resolved, Heer?"

"I am."

"Fixed as fate?"

"As I live, I swear that, so far as rests with me, he shall pay the forfeit of his dark and malignant crime, before mid-day to-morrow. Trouble me no more—I am deaf to thy petition."

"Then thus may it be with thy petitions, now, henceforth, and for ever more, whether addressed to thy fellow-creatures, or to Him who made us all.

If thou callest for sympathy, mayst thou meet with scorn; if thou askest for kindness, mayst thou be answered with the bitterness of contumely; if thou criest out for bread, mayst thou receive a stone; and if, in the last hour of thy existence, struggling between life and death, time and eternity, fearing, hoping, trembling, expiring, thou shalt address thy last prayer for pardon to the throne of thy Maker, may he turn a deaf ear, as thou hast done to mine."

So saying, she departed from the presence of the Heer, and took her way through the village, stopping at every house, and madly calling on the inhabitants to interfere, and rescue her grandson from what she called the tyranny of the Governor. But her exhortations produced little or no effect. The peo-

ple had suffered too much from the treasonable practices of Cupid, to feel any sympathy for him; and they were so accustomed to consider the declamations of Bombie of the Frizzled Head as little better than mysterious parables, coming from the mouth of one who possessed little in common with ordinary mortals, that few paid much attention to her from any other motive than fear.

Early the next morning there was a great bustle observed in the village, for this was the morning big with the fate of Bombie's grandson. This was the first example of a capital punishment that ever occurred in Elsingburgh, and the effect was proportionably profound. Every body seemed agitated and in motion, yet nothing was doing. All avocations were suspended, and, al-

though there was a great deal of talking, it was all in whispers. A certain deep impression of horror reigned all around, and the imagination was filled with nothing but images of death. Yet such is the apparent inconsistency of human nature, that there was not a soul in the whole village, except the Heer's family, that was capable of motion, who did not attend the execution of Cupid. Men, women, and children, impelled by that mysterious fascination which draws the bird to the fang of the rattle-snake, and sometimes impels the human being to precipitate himself from the brow of the precipice, poured forth, on this occasion, to witness what struck them with horror in the exhibition, and made the night terrible for a long while afterwards. The people of the country, and

those who live in retired villages, see so little of novelty, that they are extremely fond of sights, and are almost equally attracted by any thing that breaks in upon the monotony of their existence. It is not that people love to witness spectacles of horror, or the effusion of human blood, but that they want excitement, and often seek it after a strange manner.

The goblin Cupid had not spoke, since the moment of his apprehension by Lob Dotterel. To the exhortations of Dominie Kanttwell, as well as the lamentations of his grandmother, he turned a deaf ear; and it was impossible to discover, by any outward indications, whether terror or obstinacy was at the bottom of this apparent insensibility. When conducted to the foot of the

gallows, he looked about as if he were rather a spectator than an actor in the scene; nor did the agonies of the poor old sybil, his grandmother, who, when she came to take leave of him, dicovered a degree of intense feeling, that drew a tear from many an eye, make the least impression upon him, or draw forth one single returning endearment.

"Farewell, my son," said she, giving him a last embrace; "despised, deformed being of a despised race, farewell. I have loved thee the more, for that thou wert hated by all the world—contemned by the most despicable of the white man's race—hooted at by the very beggar that slept in the sun by the road-side—and every where, and at all times, the sport of capricious power. Why should I lament thee? Thou art going where,

even according to the creed of thy oppressors, all will be equal, and where, I say, thou wilt have thy turn to play the master. Yes? I see it—I feel it—I know it! Each dog shall have his day, and why not so with man? Millions of people live and die in the belief, that the ox which is driven, the horse that is rode, the sheep that is eaten by man, shall, in some future revolution of time, drive, ride, and eat the tyrant who did even so unto them. And shall not our race have their turn? It must be so, here or hereafter."

The Frizzled Head was waxing sublime and incomprehensible apace, when Lob Dotterel apprized her, that if she had any thing more to say to the poor deformed creature, she must say it soon, as his last moment was come.

The Snow Ball turned herself about, looked all around the circle with a scrutinizing eye, and said, as it were to herself, " he is not here." Then, as if at that moment, for the first time, struck with that feeling of absolute and inevitable certainty, under which the agony of the heart is quelled for a time, and hope sinks into listless despondency, she quietly retired a little way from the gallows, and stood immoveable, leaning on her stick. She saw the fatal knot tied; the cap, which shut out time, and enveloped eternity, drawn over his eyes; heard the last exhortation, the hymn that was to waft his soul no one knew where, without moving a muscle, or uttering a word. The noise of the cart, as it drew from under the fatal tree, seemed for a moment to shake her old crazy frame.

She gazed for a minute, while her grandson was hanging in the mid-air, and was silent, till the total cessation of motion in his limbs announced that all was over. Then, letting fall her stick, clasping her old withered hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, she shrieked out—

"'Tis done—and may all the cruel, accursed race of the white-man thus perish, as thou, my poor boy, hast perished. Yes! yes! ye proud, upstart race, the time shall come, it shall surely come, when the pile of oppression ye have reared to the clouds shall fall, and crush your own heads. Black-men and red-men, all colours, shall combine against your pale, white race; and the children of the master shall become the bondsmen of the posterity of the slave! I say it—I, that am at this mo-

ment standing scarce nearer to time than it to eternity—I that am at this moment shaking hands with death, and my body and spirit taking their last leave of each other—I say it—and I say my last."

The tough old heart strings that had so often been tested, in the hard gales of life, now cracked and gave way; the strong frame that had endured so many hardships, all at once refused to endure any more, and in less than a minute after Bombie uttered these words, she sunk to the ground overwhelmed by the agony of her feelings.

Numbers flocked around, as is usual in these cases, and one of the crowd exclaimed to the others, "raise her up." "Raise her!" repeated the Frizzled Head, the last energies of life trembling

on her tongue—"Raise her! None but him who broke down the eternal barriers between the quick and the dead; who called at the mouth of the sepulchre, and awoke the sleeping dust: who triumphed over death and the grave, can raise this withered old trunk. The hour is come —it is past. Wait, boy—I come." Her eyes closed, and she departed to a better world.

The crowd dispersed, overwhelmed with terror; and that night there was little sleep in the village of Elsingburgh. The good housewife lay wakeful and afraid by the side of her tired husband, who, ever and anon, as he fell into a dose, was roused by some question from his trembling partner, fearful of being awake all alone; while the little urchins could not close their

eyes, without shutting in the horrible picture of Cupid dangling in the air, and the Frizzled Head expiring on the ground. For a long time their spirits haunted the village, in the dark nights; and it was currently reported, that Lob Dotterel, through whose agency the goblin Cupid came to his end, receiv- ed nightly visits from the pair of sable ghosts, who, it was affirmed, were just as black as they were when alive. Many people argued from this circumstance, that they were evil spirits, but as they never were positively convicted of doing any harm, we are inclined to hope the opinion was without any foundation.

CHAPTER IV.

> "If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me,
> As I have prayed to thy relykes and thee,
> Nothynge concernynge myne occupacion,
> But straighte shulde have wroughte one operation."
>
> *The Four P's.*

The reader may chance to recollect the oath of Governor Piper, that, notwithstanding the opposition of the mysterious Bombie, the Long Finne and the fair Christina should be wedded on the morrow. Many days had elapsed, but Christina was not yet a wife, which shows how careful people should be of taking rash oaths. The Heer, in truth, had been too busy all this while to attend to his own private affairs. Besides the vexatious trial and execution of Cu-

pid, and the eternal exhortations, threats, and prophecies, of his grandmother, there was a storm gathering in the north, that menaced the downfall of his authority, as well as that of the Swedish crown in the new world. The king of England, Charles the Second, being one day informed that Cornelius De Witt had caused to be painted a great picture, or rather an "abusive picture," as his majesty was pleased to call it, representing the said De Witt, with the attributes of a conquerer in a naval fight with England, fell into a bad humour, and determined to go to war with the Dutch.

A consequence of this war, as every body knows, or ought to know, was the capture of the Dutch possessions in what was called the New-Netherlands, in North America, and a surrender of all

their claims, by treaty, at the conclusion of peace. These claims, now reverting to England, comprehended all the settlements below Coaquanock, to the mouth of the Delaware river, although these were originally founded by the Swedes, who disallow the Dutch claim, and professed to hold under an express grant or recognition from England. In this complicated state of affairs, it was plain, that the right of the strongest was worth all the rest of these rights put together; and that, consequently, the power of the good Heer rested on a rather ticklish foundation. Several messages had passed between him and Governor Lovelace, of New-York, who, about this time, signified to the Heer, that unless he agreed to a surrender upon terms, he should in a few months

send a power adequate to force a surrender without any terms at all. Governor Piper had received sufficient information from New-York, to satisfy him that his power was totally incompetent to resist the puissance of Governor Lovelace, and that he had nothing to do but surrender at discretion, whenever the summons was given. He was, therefore, just now, suffering the unpleasant anticipation of being shortly obliged to return to a private station, which, albeit that it is usually denominated the "post of honour," is not much coveted by most people, more especially those who have been accustomed to posts of profit.

These public perplexities naturally drew off the attention of Governor Piper from the affairs of his daughter, who, on her part, however, although she had

consented to become the wife of Koningsmarke, still discovered an insurmountable objection, in her behaviour, actually to commit matrimony with that youth. We call him a youth, on account of his being so much younger than ourselves, although, in truth, he was not much under thirty years of age, notwithstanding he looked younger. Indeed, the struggles of poor Christina, betwixt gratitude and love, on one hand, and filial affection and duty towards the memory of her mother, on the other, now that she was returned to her home, and out of the reach of the daily and hourly anxieties which occupied her during her captivity, returned again as violently as ever. The anticipation of her union with Koningsmarke afforded her no pleasure, and she seized every pretext

to elude or put aside his solicitations to fulfil her own promise, and the wishes of her father. As they walked one evening along the little stream we have heretofore mentioned, they came to the place where Koningsmarke had rescued Christina from the pollution of the poor maniac. The sight of this spot recalled more vividly to her recollection the terrors of that horrible hour. She shuddered, and looked in his face with an expression of love and gratitude, that found its way to the innermost folds of his heart.

"What do I not owe thee!" whispered she, softly, at the same time pressing closely to his side, as if terrified with the very phantom of her memory.

"Thou owest me nothing—at least nothing that thou canst not easily re-

pay," replied Koningsmarke. "I ask nothing from gratitude, every thing from love. Be mine, Christina, as thou hast promised. Thy father wishes it."

"And my mother?" replied Christina, with a penetrating look.

"She is beyond the reach of this world," replied the youth. "Nothing that passes here below, nothing that thou canst do, or leave undone, neither thy virtues nor thy crimes, can reach her knowledge. The grave is the eternal barrier between the present and future state of existence. It breaks the ties of kindred, it severs the bonds of love and friendship. We shall be rewarded and punished for the past, in the future, and that is all. We cannot know what is passing in this wretched world; we cannot look down from the skies, and see

what is done and suffered by those we love, and yet enjoy the delights of beatitude. Christina, my beloved Christina, do not sacrifice thy own happiness, as well as mine; do not refuse to fulfil the wishes of one parent, and that a living one, in a vain and futile idea that it will rejoice the spirit of one that is dead. Spirits never rejoice or grieve at aught that passes here."

"Did my father know what I know," rejoined Christina, "he would spurn thee for asking, and me for granting what thou askest."

"But he knows it not, nor ever will know it. Now that the tattling Bombie is gone, thou art the only being on earth that knows how much thou hast to forgive towards me. Once mine, or even if never mine, I know thy generous na-

ture will bury the secret from all the world besides."

"But can I bury it so deep that it will not haunt me, morning, noon, and night, as it doth now? I cannot hide it from my own heart; it is like the spectre to the guilty mind, and ever seizes the moment of forgetfulness, to come, when least expected, and dash away the cup of bliss, just at the very lips."

"Christina," said the Long Finne, in a severe and solemn tone, "I cannot endure this life much longer. Weighed down, as I am, by the recollections of the past, I would not be, or even seem, presumptuous, impatient, or unreasonable; but why didst thou first give thyself to me? and why dost thou now withhold the gift? Be what thou wilt, but be it wholly."

"Why!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, bursting into a paroxysm of passionate wo—"why is it that man, and woman too, are ever the sport of conflicting duties and wishes? Why is it that the tenderness, or, if you will, the weakness, of woman's heart, so often betrays her reason, and places her good name, her peace of mind, her welfare, here and hereafter, in the power of man? One moment, yes, even at this moment, when the fate of my mother is full before my eyes, who shall dare blame me, if, here on this spot, where I myself was saved from a fate ten times more dreadful, I should waver, like a wretched being, as I am, between conflicting feelings, wishes, and duties? That when I call to mind our captivity together, our mutual dangers, and thy

unwearied kindness, I should stand, incapable of a lasting decision, fluctuating and inconsistent—despicable in my own eyes, perhaps in the eyes of thy better judgment—promising, one day, what I shrink from performing—my heart torn, my temper variable, my very reason sometimes tottering under the weight of its perplexities? Give me a little time, and I promise, on the faith of woman, to be thine, as I have covenanted."

"Well, then," replied he, tenderly, "I will wait with patience thy decision, and live, or rather exist, in the anticipation of my happiness."

"Happiness!" rejoined the maid; "believe it not, hope it not: the recollections of former times forbid it. Those who have not laid in the past a foundation

for future happiness, have erected their hopes on the sand—in barrenness and sterility."

The two lovers returned home, little satisfied with themselves, or each other. Koningsmarke accused Christina, in his own mind, of wavering and caprice; and Christina herself suffered the torments of self-reproach, as at one moment she charged herself with forgeting the obligations of filial duty, and the next, of being insensible to love, founded on the sacred obligations of gratitude. But these struggles were speedily brought to an end by a train of events, which we shall reserve for the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

> "There came a knight of gallant fame,
> Sir Robert Carre was hight his name,
> On ship-board, with his jolly crew,
> And said—'Sir Piper, how dy'e do?'"

WE have before taken occasion to allude to certain disputes which were, ever and anon, revived between the potent settlements of New York and Elsingburgh, which, from time to time, menaced the very existence of the latter. The storm thickened every day, inasmuch as that King Charles, who, unquestionably, was of happy memory in his time, had granted all the claims of the Dutch in North America to his brother James, Duke of York, after-

wards King James the Second, also of blessed memory, in his time. But, as the memory of kings, like every sublunary thing, hath its day, it is but fair to apprize the reader, who may be a little rusty in history, in consequence of not having paid due attention to the Waverley novels, that neither of these illustrious princes are thought much of in these days of impiety and republicanism.

However this may be, his Grace of York forthwith took possession of the colony of New Amsterdam, to which he obtained an undoubted right; first, by conquest, and next, by christening it over again, whereby it acquired, and still, happily, retains the name of New-York to this day. This fair and renowned colony, with its beautiful city,

its Dutch burgomasters, dumpling dowagers, and cherry-cheeked girls, was now governed in the name of the proprietary, by Colonel Richard Lovelace, an old cavalier and soldier, who had been an actor in the Parliamentary wars, and cherished a mortal antipathy to puritans, republicans, and all sorts of people who refused to drink, and who sung psalms through their noses. Indeed, his politics formed the ruling principles of action with the Colonel, who, among other matters, got tipsy every afternoon, and turned his back upon all sorts of meeting-houses; not so much out of an affection for wine, or a hatred to religion, as because his enemies, the puritans, or crop-ears, as he was wont to call them, hated drinking, and loved long prayers. With all this,

he valued himself upon his gallantry to the fair sex, and cherished to the last a portion of that dignified courtesy to damsels, particularly those that were young and pretty, which constituted one of those beautiful characteristics, that threw something like an air of refinement even over the barbarous ages of chivalry.

Governor Lovelace professed, moreover, a most bitter and sovereign contempt for the king-people of this free and high-spirited quarter of our mundane sphere, derived from his early habits of thinking and acting. Passive obedience, and non-resistance, were his creed, and in his private opinion worth all other commandments put together; and if the Governor ever hated one thing beyond all others, it was a person

in private life who meddled with public affairs. Writing, on one occasion, to his valiant captain, Sir Robert Carre, on occasion of some troubles in the, then, newly-acquired possessions on the lower Delaware, the Governor gravely observes: "As for the poor deluded sort, I think the advice of one of their own countrymen is not to be despised, who, knowing their temper well, prescribed a method for keeping them in order, which is, severity, and laying such taxes on them as may not give them liberty to entertain any other thoughts, but how to discharge them." This method we hereby humbly recommend to Messieurs of the Holy Alliance, as summing up, in the smallest possible compass, the quintessence of a pure system of legitimate government. That they may

be sure of receiving the benefit of this precious morceau, we have specially directed our bookseller to transmit to each of the "Three Gentlemen of Verona," a copy of this our work, with a reference to this particular page.

There was one feature, and that a leading one, in the character of Governor Lovelace, which, however, in a great degree tempered and neutralized his tyrannical maxims of government. He was the most indolent of all the representatives of majesty that ever presided in this new world, and his love of ease so equally balanced his love of sway, that, although abstractedly the greatest little tyrant in the world, he was not guilty, so far as we have investigated the history of those times, of a single act of oppression, during the

whole period he presided over the colony. It is, indeed, a singular circumstance, and only to be explained by this peculiarity in his character, that this same Governor was the identical person who voluntarily delegated a great portion of his civil authority, in the city, to a board of five aldermen, whereby he laid the foundation of that puissant Council, which hath since presided over our destinies, to the great glory and advantage of the community. One of his regulations, most peculiarly praiseworthy, and the revival of which we strenuously recommend, was, that no play should be performed, and no book published, until it had been first read, and approved of, by the board of Aldermen. As these worthy censors had very little time, and no inclination to

read books, the number of manuscripts multiplied exceedingly. His Excellency boasted, that in consequence of this simple expedient, the mischievous art of printing became almost extinct in his dominion, and the repose of his reign was not interrupted by the intrusion of a single new book. Such was Colonel Richard Lovelace; a brave soldier, an indolent statesman, with a head none of the clearest, and a heart never shut, except to Presbyterians, Roundheads, and meddling politicians.

Governor Lovelace, soon after being quietly settled in his government, despatched a summons to the Heer Piper, to surrender his town and fort of Elsingburgh forthwith "to the obedience of his Majesty King Charles the Second," &c. The Heer declined the invitation,

inasmuch as King Charles and his master were at peace, and he had no inclination whatever to disturb the harmony that reigned between them. Anticipating, however, that this summons would be followed by a visit, Governor Piper despatched the Long Finne and a party with presents to the neighbouring Indians, willing them to take arms in his favour. This they declined, with secret wishes, however, that the two belligerants would mutually exterminate each other. In addition to this, the Heer fell into a violent bustle, and incontinently busied himself for several days in doing nothing, as is customary with people who talk a great deal and swear roundly.

Thus waned away the time, until one morning, a fine south wind blowing

right up the river, the little colony was alarmed with the sight of three vessels of war, bearing upwards, their sails all set, and colours flying, in gallant trim. They came like birds upon the wing, each, as the sailors say, when the white foam gathers in waves at the bows, "carrying a bone in her teeth," and advancing so rapidly, that, ere the wise heads of Elsingburgh could guess, or reckon, what they wanted, or whither they were going, conjecture was at an end, by the ships coming to anchor directly opposite the town, as if in scorn of the formidable battery of swivels erected for its defence. Lob Dotterel wanted to call out the *posse comitatus*, and take these intruders into custody, but his ardour was restrained by the Heer, who anticipated, with exceeding

low spirits, the speedy termination of the Swedish dynasty in this new hemisphere. He felt his greatness tottering, and undoubtedly soliloquized on the slippery nature of human power, after the manner of Cardinal Wolsey, and other great men.

In less than an hour, a boat put off from the largest ship, bearing a white flag, in token of peace, as is customary, when a message is sent, which, if not complied with, is to be followed by blows. This boat conveyed the famous Sir Robert Carre, one of those brave and hardy adventurers, who preceded, or followed, the discovery of this new world. They were a species of knights errant, who, instead of being enlisted in the cause of love and beauty, set forth to seek their fortunes on the high seas,

or in the new world, where rumours of boundless wealth allured them to risk all, and float on the tide which then began to set towards the west. The greater portion of these were most devout enemies to the pope and the Spaniards; against whom they waged perpetual war, pretty much regardless whether the respective countries were at peace or not, religious zeal and antipathies being held as sufficient causes for making war, independently of those grounds of complaint which are usually put forth to justify an appeal to arms. These adventurers were, unquestionably, men of talents and bravery; but, if the truth must be told, they were no great respecters of property, and thought little of plundering a town on the Spanish Main, or boarding a galleon, without

the ceremony of inquiring whether the laws of nations justified the act. They belonged, generally, to the race of younger brothers ; which, in countries like England, where the estate is principally monopolized by the first-born, has produced a large portion of those whose crimes have dishonoured, or whose bravery and talents have exalted and ennobled, the national character. Although it would be gross injustice to class these wild, adventurous spirits, with the bloody and desperate race of buccaniers which succeeded them, still we think, it cannot be doubted that they in some measure prepared the way for those remorseless enemies of the human race. The custom of making war upon the Spanish settlements in the new world, in the loose and unau-

thorized manner practised by the first adventurers, gradually loosened the restraints imposed by the laws of nations, and in the end led to that entire abandonment of principle, and that total disregard of the claims of justice and humanity, which characterized those wretched miscreants called the buccaniers, whose very courage constituted the greatest of their crimes, since it conquered the only restraint which villains acknowledge in the commission of enormities.

Sir Robert Carre was a man of few words, which peculiarity rendered him particularly disagreeable to the Heer, who liked very much to talk a great deal before he came to a decision. The knight, laconically and categorically, demanded the surrender of Elsingburgh

and its dependencies to the Governor of New York, as representative of the King of England, to whom the right to all these territories appertained, by discovery, purchase, conquest, and various other grounds, each of which was amply sufficient to establish the right of the strongest. Governor Piper comprehended, pretty clearly, that he must positively comply with this request, or demand, because the hostile force was amply sufficient to level his town and fort to the dust in two hours at farthest. But the good man wisely determined to put a bold face on the business, and not ignominiously surrender, without a long discussion, which he looked upon as the next best thing to a stout defence *vi et armis*. In short, he was resolved upon a negotiation, let what would hap-

pen, and privately stipulated with himself to have at least threescore and ten articles for the security of the persons and property of his people, and the honour of his government, in the capitulation. Preparatory to this, he pompously demanded four and twenty hours to consider of this summons. But Carre was a person equally averse to wasting time as words; he, therefore, very unceremoniously, replied, that as it was impossible to make any defence, there was very little use in considering about it; he therefore allowed him twenty-four minutes, instead of twenty-four hours, to decide.

"*Der teufel!*" quoth the Heer, "that is not time enough to decide which side of the mouth I shall smoke my pipe this

morning, much less to settle about the surrender of a whole province."

"Well, but if there is no choice, where is the use of taking time to consider? If a man must, he must, Governor."

"Must!—*du galgen!*—I see no must in the case. I would have thee to know, sir Knight, if it were not for the shedding of Christian blood, to which I have much disinclination, being partly convinced by my friend William Penn, that there is no use for it in this world, I would, peradventure, blow thee and thy ships sky high, *henkers knechts* and all."

"No use in shedding christian blood!" exclaimed the Knight. "Why, d—n my blood, Governor, if I don't think

you've turned papist. Why, 'sblood! what would become of us soldiers, if there was to be no cutting of throats, hey? Would you make rascal leather aprons of us, and set us cheating in a small way for a living, instead of growing rich by plundering towns, and noble feats of arms? But come, the time is just out; is it capitulation, or must I wipe thy town out of the map of the universe in the twinkling of an eye?"

"Patience—patience, Sir Knight; where is the use of being so hasty? You see I am in no hurry."

"Faith, Governor," replied the other, "that is generally the case. There is all the difference in the world between one who gives and one who takes; but come, security of person and property is

the word, and where these are safe, what signifies a change of masters, hey?"

"And the honour of the Swedish crown?" replied the Heer.

"Oh! as to that it shall be as full of honour as an egg's full of meat. I shall take special care of that myself!"

"And our religion?"

"Nobody shall touch a hair of its head. You may have just what you like, and as much as you will, always excepting popery, which I have sworn against, and Presbyterianism, which his Excellency Governor Lovelace doth not abide, drunk or sober."

"Well, well," quoth the Heer, with a long and deep-drawn sigh, "if I could keep it from thee, I would bury thee, thy comrades, thy Governor, and thy

King, in the sand of this good river, ere I would give up my sword. As it is—here, take it; and now I am resigned to the lot of a private man, a situation which all great persons fall in love with, when they can do no better. I will retire unto my little farm yonder, and plant cabbages, like another Dioclesian."

So saying, the Heer delivered up his trusty blade; and thus the dominion of New Swedeland passed from the superintendence of the Heer Piper for ever. No prodigy, that we know of, accompanied this transfer of empire, which, by the way, Dominie Kanttwell pronounced a judgment upon the people of Elsingburgh, who about this time began somewhat to relapse into the wicked practice of ballad singing.

After taking formal possession of Elsingburgh and its dependencies, in the name of his sovereign, firing a salute in honour of his conquest, and appointing a provisional junta, Sir Robert Carre weighed anchor, and returned with his fleet to New-York, where, on reporting his success, his Excellency Governor Lovelace gave a great turtle feast, at which his five newly-created aldermen are reported to have done great credit to the Governor's selection, by their excellent judgment in eating. The only remarkable circumstance which followed the capture of Elsingburgh was the mysterious disappearance of the Long Finne, who was missing from the time of Sir Robert's departure; but whether he went with him, was kidnapped, or forcibly carried off, or what was become

of him, none knew, or, at least, if any one did know, the secret was kept with singular discretion.

Various were the conjectures of the people of the village, as to the strange disappearance of the youth ; but, as not one of these came near the truth, we shall not trouble the reader with reciting them. The good Heer was sorely perplexed, and could not help reverting to those suspicions which had arisen in his mind on the first appearance of the Long Finne, as related in the early part of this history. These suspicions were strengthened by the insinuations of Othman Pfegel and the Dominie, who both related certain mysterious facts concerning Koningsmarke, which, whether true or false, afforded grounds for a suspicion that there was a good understand-

ing betwixt him and the English commander. As to our poor blue-eyed village maid, the fair and gentle Christina, though her feelings were kept to herself, or, at least, vented only in solitude and darkness, yet we can venture to affirm, that she had her own thoughts of this mysterious affair. Young women, and especially young women in love, judging by themselves, are prone to ascribe every action of their lovers to the influence of that single passion, which, while it subsists in all its youthful warmth and purity, is their own guide and polar star. Christina thus attributed the disappearance of Koningsmarke, not to any treasonable practices against the colony, or any fear of discovery and punishment, but to pique or disappointment, on account of her having so often re-

sisted his persuasions for a speedy union. "But if so, he will think better of it, and return speedily," would she say to her innocent heart, which, even at that moment, trembled with a latent fear, lest the promised hope should never be realized. Every hour that passed away without bringing him back, diminished her confidence in the hope of his return; and when a fortnight had elapsed, without either seeing or hearing of him, her pale cheek and dim eye, her careless dress, and her indifference to those little domestic cares and incidents which so pleasantly and beneficially employ the hours of woman, all combined, served to indicate to an observing eye that harassing state of feeling, which, when long continued, either triumphs over the body or the mind.

BOOK NINTH.



CHAPTER. I.

A CRITICAL friend of ours, whom we consult in all our literary projects, and whose opinions we always follow, when we like them, assures us that this our work will undoubtedly fail in attracting the affections of that class of fashionable readers to whom we especially address ourselves, for want of the indispensable requisite of a reasonable quantity of bloodshed and murder.

"All the works of imagination," said he, "which have been the most singularly successful of late, you will observe abound in battle, murder, and sudden

deaths, events for which people of a pure natural taste have a peculiar relish, as is evinced in the avidity with which they peruse the accounts of last dying speeches and executions. All writers," continued our critical monitor, " agree, that what is most agreeable to nature, in narration, sentiment, or description, approaches the nearest to the true standard of taste; and, consequently, the vulgar taste must come the nearest to perfection, being the least sophisticated by arbitrary rules, or factitious refinements. It is, therefore, a happy omen for literature, that the fashionable taste is now making daily approaches to that of the vulgar, and no longer banquets with such extraordinary zest on those refinements in sentiment, those polished graces, and latent beauties, which, in

less happy ages of literature, were relished with such unaccountable delight. Such effeminacies as these have given place to more manly and unsophisticated compositions—to delineations of habits and manners, which, being natural and vulgar in themselves, are calculated to enchant all persons of a truly natural taste. The writer who would please the public now, must deal in perpetual excitements; must lavish incidents like chaff before the wind; and excite either disgust, astonishment, or horror, in every page, or his book will certainly come upon the parish before it is six months old."

Our friend further assured us, that, as he saw no possibility of bringing the catastrophe of our history to a fortunate issue, the best thing we could do, would

be to kill off all our principal actors as fast as possible, for which purpose he advised us to borrow the assistance of *Tristan L'Hermite, Trois Echelles,* and other pleasant fellows, equally expert at hanging and joking, who give such a marvellous zest to the late work of our great master in the mysteries of historical fiction. But, notwithstanding what our friend said on this subject, we cannot but hope, and believe, that the good people of this country, owing to the mildness of their laws, and other circumstances, are not so fond of hanging, and such like amusements, as some of the more refined nations of the world. We trust they may possibly be brought to relish less piquant entertainments, and that, although they do stick pegs in the claws of lobsters to prevent their

biting, and sometimes cut off the heads of chickens with a dull axe, they will, peradventure, excuse us if we finish this our work without a single additional instance of mortality, natural or otherwise, or resorting to the aid of our old friends, Messrs. Trois Echelles and Tristan L'Hermite.

CHAPTER II.

> "If ye be set on mervaylynge,
> Then shall ye heare a mervaylouse thing;
> And though, indeed, all be not new,
> Yet suer the most part shall be true."

TIME and the world alike move on unceasingly and in the self-same undeviating pace, let what will happen. The keenest misfortunes of individuals, the death of men who have filled the world with their glory, the change of dynasties, and the revolutions of empires, affect not the general course of events, or the great business of the human beehive. The daily wants of mankind, the necessity of exertion, the gratification of the passions, one or other, or all

combined, still keep up the busy current of life, which continues its course without ceasing, and will only be finally arrested, when the consummation of the great scheme of infinite wisdom and power shall have arrived.

Three weeks had now nearly elapsed, since the total subversion of the authority of the Heer, and the mysterious disappearance of the Long Finne. The inhabitants of Elsingburgh continued in the quiet pursuit of their daily avocations, and scarcely ever thought of the great revolution that had overturned, in the language of historians, their happiness and prosperity. It was only the Heer and his gentle daughter, on whom this wave of ill fortune had especially expended its violence. The former not only felt his diminished conse-

quence, but now actually experienced what may be truly called one of the greatest misfortunes incident to human nature. Being restricted from all participation in the new government, he knew not what to do with himself, and was at length reduced to the necessity of taking two naps extra, to assist him in getting through the livelong, tedious day. The fiend Ennui laid hold of him with leaden gripe, and, had it not been that he at last luckily took to the Job-like business of fishing inveterately in the neighbouring river for amusement, it is impossible to say what might have been the ill consequences, to a man having nothing to do, and at the same time being naturally inclined to be busy. As for poor Christina, she complained not, she wept not, except in

secret; and to those who judge of the depths of the waters by the noise they make, rather than by their stillness, she seemed as if nothing was the matter with her.

In this state were the various persons and things appertaining to our history, when, on a certain night, there gathered together, about the spacious chimney of Master Oldale's castle, a group of village blades, whose deeds of drinking used to stand recorded in veritable chalk, in one corner of that *sanctum sanctorum*, vulgarly 'yclept the bar. The company consisted of Wolfgang Langfanger, Othman Pfegel, and Lob Dotterel, who, being each equally deprived of their vocation under the ancient system of Elsingburgh, were compelled, in sheer self-defence, to pass part of the

time at the inn, to hear the news, and kill the common enemy of all idlers. Besides these, there was master Oldale, who, like a trusty publican and sinner, that understood his business, was ever accustomed to encourage the practice of tippling, not only by precept, but by example. The fifth personage, who completed the group, was a singular itinerant genius, called Lowright, a travelling pedler, tinker, and what not, who regularly traversed the wilderness between New-York and the river Delaware, once a year, with his pack on his back, and as regularly, as is usual with such losel wights, did incontinently cheat about one half of the men, and all the women of Elsingburgh. He was well known, and, to say truth, not much respected, not only among the Indians,

but also by the inhabitants of the little villages, that now began to peep forth in groups of log huts, at intervals "few and far between," in the desert. Mankind unquestionably have a natural aptitude to be cheated in one way or other; sometimes by rulers, sometimes by priests, and sometimes by pedlars. Besides, Lowright was not only a pestilent rogue, but a merry rogue, who sung excellent songs, told the most bloody stories, and, withal, never cheated any body but in jest. When charged with his rogueries, he always turned them off with an excellent joke, accompanied by an irresistible laugh; and it is well known, that if you keep people, and especially women, in a good humour, you may cheat them out of any thing. Much of the news that passed between

New-York and Elsingburgh was brought by this strolling wight; for at that time it was a rare thing for any one to venture on a journey through this wild country.

It was now waxing late in the evening; the night was becoming excessively dark, and the flashes of lightning which penetrated the crevices of the windows, followed by the distant and muttering thunder, gave indication of a coming storm, The conversation turned on the late events of the village, and especially the fate of the goblin Cupid, and his mysterious grandmother, whose night walkings still continued the common theme of the village. Lob Dotterel was called upon to verify these legends, and, after whetting his whistle, looking cautiously about the room, and drawing

his chair a little more within the circle, cleared his throat, and attested to the following facts, in the midst of peals of thunder, that now became more loud and frequent:

"You must know," said the ci-devant high constable, "that one night—it was the Wednesday night following the death of Cupid and his grandmother—I had been out late on business." Here master Oldale tipped the company a wink, which conveyed to their comprehension that Lob had been tippling at the sign of the Indian Queen, rather more than beseemed a discreet, sober man. "When I got home, I proceeded to undress myself, and was just standing before the glass, tying on my night-cap, when, as I am a christian man and a living sinner, I saw in the glass the face of the black

witch Bombie, looking just over my shoulder, with eyes as red as coals, and lips moving as if she was speaking, though I could hear nothing. I looked round, though my head moved on my shoulders like a door on rusty hinges, but nobody was there. I looked in the glass, and there was the ghastly face glaring over my shoulder as before, with red eyes, and blue lips moving with a quivering motion, without uttering a word. Often, as I turned my head to look behind me, I saw nothing; but the moment I turned to the looking-glass, the face appeared, just peering over my shoulder. Presently I felt two cold hands on my back, and the face in the glass came so close to mine, that I felt its breath against my cheek."

"I never heard of a ghost breathing

before," said Lowright; "but may be the spirits of ladies of colour are different from those of white people. Go on, master constable."

"The weight of the hands on my shoulders grew heavier and heavier, till at last I fell flat on my face upon the floor, unable to support it any longer. What time I lay there I can't tell, but when I came to myself, and looked about, there was nothing in the room but old Grip, the dog, who lay fast asleep in a corner."

As master Dotterel concluded his story, there came a terrible flash of lightning, followed by an awful crash of thunder, that seemed to have dashed the universe to atoms. The company gradually contracted their little circle, until their knees mixed with each other, and, late

as it was, no one seemed inclined to go to rest, amid the uproar without and the solemnity within doors. The crash was followed by an awful silence, until the tinker exclaimed, "There will be bitter weather by and by, and, for my part, I could never sleep in a thunder storm. Come, landlord, another tankard, and master Wolfgang will tell us a story, to pass away the time."

The tankard was brought, and master Wolfgang, at the request of the company, commenced his story as follows:

"Many years ago, it was in my native country of Sweden, I happened once to be benighted at a distance of several miles from any house. It was in the summer season, and much such a night as this. The thunder rolled incessantly, followed by continued flashes of light-

ning which blinded both me and my horse. By the light of one of these, I thought I could distinguish an old ruined building, that I took to be the remains of a church, which I knew from report was situated somewhere hereabouts. I heard the roar of the tempest approaching nearer and nearer, while the big drops of rain began to fall thicker and faster every moment. There was no alternative, but to weather the storm without a shelter, or seek it in the old church, which, though the windows were broken and the doors decayed, was still better than nothing. I had an invincible antipathy to churches and church-yards at night; but then I hated a wet jacket even more than I feared ghosts; so I e'en dismounted, led my horse inside of the door, and groped my way into

a pew in one corner, where there was tolerable shelter. Presently the rain came in torrents, the thunder rolled, and burst, and crashed, and the lightning flashed upon the white tombstones, that peeped above the sills of the windows. Soon I began to feel the effects of a long day's journey, and, stretching myself out on the seat, I gradually fell fast asleep. After some time, I was disturbed by a strange sound, not unlike the tremulous quaver of the screech-owl, 'hoo! hoo! hoo!' I opened my eyes, and the first object they met was a tall, ghastly female figure, leaning over me, with her face close to mine. During my nap it had cleared up, and the bright moonbeams, pouring into the windows and ruined roof and walls, fell directly on the spectre before me. To my dying

day, I shall never forget the lank face, hollow cheeks, and glaring eyes of the figure, as, with raised hands, the long, skinny, and bony fingers of which were extended over me, it repeated the quaver, in a shrill, hollow tone, and bent down and kissed me, with lips that seemed covered with the damps and mildews of the sepulchre. I shrunk, and shuddered as if death had sealed me his own in that horrible kiss, which was followed by the same tremulous 'hoo! hoo? hoo?' My limbs refused to obey the impulse of my fears, and, for the life of me, I could not make a single effort to escape, but felt as I had sometimes done in dreams, where we struggle in vain to stir hand or foot. At this moment the day began to dawn, and a gun from a neighbouring fortress announced the

morning. The figure started at the explosion, which broke on the deathlike silence, and echoed far and wide. 'Hoo! hoo! hoo!' cried the spectre of horror, as she stooped again and gave me one of her infernal kisses. She then moved slowly away, and disappeared, I could not tell how, in the obscurity of a distant corner of the ruined building.

"When I was assured of its being gone, I started up, mounted my horse, and proceeded rapidly to a village about four miles distant, where I ordered breakfast. I had scarcely been here half an hour when I heard the same noise which had alarmed me so much in the church. 'What is that?' I exclaimed, as one of the attendants came in. 'Oh,' replied she, ''tis only a poor crazy woman, that wanders about these parts, but never

hurts any body, and never says any thing but 'hoo! hoo! hoo!' 'And kisses every body?' 'No—they say she only kisses those who are going to die very soon.' I kept the secret of her salute, although, to tell the honest truth, gentlemen, I considered myself, for a whole year afterwards, as little better than a dead man. This happened more than twenty years ago, and yet, at times, and especially in such a night as this, the impression of my adventure in the old ruined church is as fresh as if it had happened yesterday. But come, master Lowright, the night wears apace, and there is no venturing out in the uproar and darkness. You must keep us company in another tankard and another story."

"With all my heart," replied the jolly pedler; "let me whet my whistle,

and you shall have a story that will astonish you all." The tankard passed round, and master Lowright commenced his legend.

"You must know, gossips, that, though I come from New-York, I don't live in the city, but in a deep forest about four miles off on the island, where every thing is as wild, and in as perfect a state of nature, as it was the day of the deluge. My house is of a single story, containing a single room, which serves me for parlour, kitchen, and hall. My bed is in the attic story above, and is gained by means of a ladder. I have no family, except a dog and a cat, and there is not a house within sight of my solitary abode. Why I have chosen such a situation is an affair of my own, and I shall, therefore, not trouble you with my rea-

sons for preferring this retired and lonely spot.

"One summer evening, I was sitting smoking my pipe at the door of my castle—it was somewhere, I think, about four years ago—when I observed a man coming towards me, with a staff in his hand, and dressed in the style of a common beggar. As he advanced up the little path which led to my dwelling, I observed that he was tall and straight in his person, and that his face was remarkably handsome. Altogether, indeed, he was the likeliest person I have seen in a long time, except the young man called the Long Finne, who was here last year, and whom I saw carried to prison in New-York the other day."

"What!" exclaimed Wolfgang Langfanger, "is the Long Finne in New-

York!" "Ay, that he is, to his cost, for he is condemned to be whipt through the streets, and afterwards sold to Barbadoes as a slave, for having conspired, it is said, with the savages, against the English power. But I will go on with my story, for I see master Dotterel begins to wax sleepy.

"As the beggar approached me, he began, in the usual way, to beg for a lodging, as the night was setting in dark, and the path to the city, being through the woods, would be difficult to find. 'But I have only one bed in my house,' replied I, 'and that I generally like to keep to myself.'

"'Beggars must not be choosers,' replied he; 'I can sleep on the hearth by the fire. I have made harder lodging than that in my time, and so I have

wherewithal over my head, I care little what is under it, provided it is not harder than a stone.'

" 'But,' replied I, 'I know you not; I live alone here in the woods, and it is not usual to take people in our houses, without knowing something of them.'

" 'What!' quoth the beggar, looking round on my poor household with a dry, sarcastic air, 'you are afraid I shall rob you! Only to think of the difference between us! I am equally a stranger to you, and yet, you see, I am not afraid to sleep in your house. But the beggar sings before the robber.'

" The humour of the rogue pleased me; I at length consented that he should stay the night, and make his pillow on the hearth-stone. We sat up till almost midnight, chatting over our adventures,

and then went to bed. But some how or other, I couldn't sleep; or, if I did fall asleep for a moment, it was only to be awakened with frightful dreams. On one of these occasions, I thought I heard a stir in the room below, and, cautiously creeping to the opening, saw a sight that froze every drop of my blood into an icicle."

"What was it?" exclaimed Lob Dotterel, opening one eye, and drawing his chair closer into the corner.

"It was the beggar, busily employed in whetting the point of a knife, that appeared to me at least a yard long. Ever and anon he would feel the point, shake his head, as much as to say, 'it won't do yet,' and then set to work sharpening it again. I had not the least doubt that he intended to murder me, under

an impression that I had hoarded up money in my business. I therefore prepared myself for defending my life as well as I could. I had a pistol, but, unluckily, it wanted a lock, and an old rusty sword, without edge or point." "Ay," quoth master constable, "like one of your excellent razors." "Or rather like your excellent wit," replied the pedler, and incontinently got the laugh on his side.

"What was to be done? I began to distil into a jelly, and felt both courage and strength fast fleeting away, as too often happens in these hours of sore extremity. Desperation at last supplied the place of valour and discretion, and I determined, instead of waiting till the wretch had sharpened his knife, so as stick me through and through in the

twinkling of an eye, to come upon him by surprise, and carry the war into his own camp. I therefore suddenly plumped down upon him, with my trusty blade in hand—and what d'ye think, gentlemen, was the consequence?"

"Why, you killed him," said the whole company with one voice.

"No! HE KILLED ME!"

Here the whole company started up, as if by one impulse, and stared in silent horror at Master Lowright, marvelling whether it was really himself sitting among them, or only the ghost of himself.

At the moment of this ecstatic climax of wonder and dismay, there was a loud crash of thunder, succeeded by a tremendous bouncing, thumping, howling, and shrieking, in the garret above, that

appalled the stoutest hearts of the whole company, and caused each man to press closs to his neighbour in trembling agitation. Presently something was heard to fall, with a weight that shook the floor, through the opening which led by a ladder into the attic story; the lamp, that stood nearly under it, was suddenly extinguished, and there was a hissing, and spitting, and howling, in the darkness, as if the fiends had suddenly decamped from their ordinary abodes, to take lodgings at Master Oldale's castle. All was horror, dismay, and confusion; not a soul dared stir from the spot where he was planted, and not a soul uttered a word, save the ci-devant high-constable, who, on this occasion, disgraced his valorous exploits among the Indians, by roaring lustily for help, being fast held

by the leg, by Othman Pfegel, who had tumbled flat on the floor. The cry brought Mistress Oldale, with a candle, which at once disclosed the cause of all this uproar, in the persons of two cats, who had, agreeably to the custom of these amiable animals, been making "cruel love," after the manner of certain affectionate couples, who act upon the old saying, that the falling out of lovers is the renewal of love. The discovery forthwith put an end to the merry making. Each man felt an internal consciousness of having been frightened at nothing, and sneaked away to bed, without the ceremony of bidding good night.

CHAPTER III.

'He is in prison, let us go to him—
He cannot come to us. His thoughts alone are free;
They'll fly abroad, like to old Noah's bird,
And tell him that the earth affords no place ,
Of rest but that—no friend to take his hand,
And buoy him above the boundless waves.
Let's go to him."

NEWS fly swift every where, but most of all in a country village. It was soon communicated to the Heer Piper and his fair daughter, that the Long Finne had been carried a prisoner to New-York, and condemned to be whipt, and sold to slavery. The pedlar was called up, and stated, that the youth had been seized the night before the sailing of the fleet, as he was taking a solitary

walk along the river side; conveyed on board the ships; transported to New-York; tried for treasonable practices; condemned, and sentenced to these ignominious punishments. Such indeed was the sad story of Koningsmarke, who had been seized and taken to New-York in manner aforesaid, and there brought to trial before the Governor and his council. It was in vain that he asserted his innocence, and that at the time he was accused of these crimes he was a subject of Sweden, and owed no allegiance to any other power, much less a power which exercised no authority in New-Swedeland. He was answered, that the Swedes from the first had no right to the territory they occupied, which, in fact, appertained to Great Britain by discovery. Konings-

marke was therefore living under an usurped government, and could claim no immunity on the score of not owing allegiance to a power which, though not actually in possession, always had the right. The council, consisting of the Governor, Thomas Deleval, and Ralph Whitfield, on these grounds, decreed as follows:

"That Koningsmarke, commonly called the Long Finne, deserved to die; yet, in regard that many concerned with him in these practices might also be involved in the præmunire, if the rigour of the law should be extended, and amongst them divers ignorant and simple people, it was thought fit to order, that the Long Finne should be severely whipt, and stigmatized with the letter R, with an inscription in great letters

on his breast, that he received that punishment for rebellion ; and afterwards to be secured till sent to Barbadoes, or some other remote plantation, to be sold."

When Christina heard of this terrible sentence, her heart failed her, and she sunk insensible into the arms of her father. Every species of bitter, indelible disgrace was combined in this punishment; and who is there, that cherishes a friend, or adores a lover, but would rather have heard that he was dead, than thus scourged, branded, and sold to slavery? When Christina came to herself, she desired to be conducted to her chamber and left alone. After remaining there an hour or two, she sent for her father, who found her pale, feeble, and nearly exhausted with the misery

of her feelings. Yet there was a speak-ing energy in her light blue eye, that indicated she was labouring with some resolve that possessed her whole soul.

"How art thou now, my dear daughter?" said the Heer.

"Well—very well," replied Christina; "but, my father, I have one request to make thee, which, as thou valuest my happiness, nay, my very life, I beseech thee to grant me. Wilt thou?"

"What is it, my dear one?" answered the Heer, with affectionate sympathy; "it must be impossible, if I refuse it to thee. What is it?"

Christina looked wistfully in his face, and replied—"He saved my life; he bore me in his arms, as a mother her only offspring; he watched over me in

the wilderness; he risked death and torture in the attempt to restore me to thee; and shall not I do something to requite all these obligations?"

"All that can be done to rescue him from this disgrace and misery shall be done. I will send, and demand him as a subject of my master."

"Alas!" replied Christina, "when I wanted his aid, he did not send; he came himself; he risked all for me, and shall not we risk something for him? Let us not send, but go to him, father. Kindness should never come at second hand. Even those who cannot ward off the calamities of others, may alleviate them by sympathy."

"But think, my love, what will the world say of thy pilgrimage? Will they not taunt thee with the reproach of

following a degraded, condemned criminal—a lover, whose affection is thy disgrace, and whom to love is infamy?"

"Father," replied Christina, "I know that it is for the honour and happiness of my sex, that they should, in all the ordinary circumstances of life, conform to the strict rules of female decorum, and pay due deference to the opinions of the world. But I also know, father, that there are times and occasions, when love, gratitude, filial duty, parental affection, attachment to our country, nay, even the desire of fame, not only justify, but demand a departure from common rules, and the sacrifice of those delicate restraints, which otherwise should never be disregarded. To save a husband, I should be applauded for this act, even though he were unworthy my affection.

Shall I not do likewise for one to whom gratitude at least has bound me for ever?"

"But think of the toils and dangers of the journey, my daughter."

"Thou forgettest, father," replied Christina, with a languid smile—"thou forgettest I am used to traverse the wilderness. The errand I go upon will make me heedless of the way, except as it may delay our efforts till they shall be too late."

"Ah!" replied the old man, with a melancholy, doubting shake of the head, "come when they will, I fear all our endeavours will be too late, or, at least, in vain. What hast thou to offer, to tempt the statesman to forego an act of policy like this?"

"My tears, my thanks, my prayers,

my everlasting gratitude. Surely, father, the hearts of men are not turned into stone by the exercise of power, nor can they be insensible to the delight of making the heart leap in the bosom of a lonely stranger."

"Well, well—I will no longer oppose thee, my girl. We will go, in God's name; and, if it be necessary, I, even I, will humble myself before Richard Lovelace, rather than see thee mourn thyself into a shadow, and die of a broken heart. I have lost thee once, and know the agonies of such a bereavement. We will go, and speedily."

Christina threw herself into the arms of her parent, and exclaimed amid her tears—"Oh! that I may live to repay my father for all his kindness."

When it was known that the Heer

and his daughter were going to undertake this long journey, part of which was through a forest, as yet trodden only by wild beasts and red-men, with now and then a wandering being like Lowright, half a dozen of the villagers came in a body, and offered their services to escort their ancient chief and his daughter. "We will paddle a canoe for you to the Falls, and we will carry you in a litter of boughs, when the way is wet and deep, or you become tired." The Heer was affected by their good-will, and, shaking the hand of each, accepted their offers, with hearty thanks. Even in the depression of his feelings, and amid the downfall of his power, the heart of the Heer swelled with honest pride, to find that, though the means of bestowing benefits on his

neighbours had passed away, they still remembered his kindness in the days of his prosperity. So easy, indeed, is it for rulers to make themselves beloved by the people, that whenever we hear the cries of the multitude ascending against kings and their ministers, and see their arms raised in opposition to their will, we are certain that pride, arrogance, misgovernment, and oppression, are at the bottom of this discontent.

CHAPTER IV.

> " Not all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
> Not all the graces dancing in her eyes,
> Not all the music set upon her tongue,
> Nor all the lilies that lie on her breast
> In dazzling whiteness, are of half the worth
> Of that true faith, which is a woman's crown."

In two days all was ready ; and one calm morning, in the merry month of June, our little party embarked on the flood tide that set briskly up the river, in their light canoe. A gentle southern breeze rippled the surface of the waters, and cooled the summer air into a balmy freshness, exquisitely grateful to the senses. First, they passed Coaquanock, then a little thriving village, but since become a noble city, honoured

in its illustrious founder, and thrice honoured in the residence of a sage whose precepts enlightened, whose example adorned, a subsequent age. Light skimmed the pine canoe along the low banks, fringed with tufts of water willows, that bent down and kissed the waves, as they approached the little settlements of Burlington and Bristol, where a few clear fields around a cluster of rustic buildings, announced the commencement of that great change in the aspect of the country, and the destinies of its ancient inhabitants, which is rapidly pervading the new world, and will probably not stop, until it has passed from the Atlantic of the East to the shores of the Ocean of the West, with an impulse unabating and irresistible.

The Falls, where Trenton now stands, was the last settlement of white-men on the Upper Delaware. From thence was one wide extended forest, through which roamed the Tirans, the Tiascons, the Raritans, and a hundred other wandering tribes, long since extinct, or represented by a few degenerate beings, who seem only to live for the purpose of proving that the red-man was born for the shade, the white-man for the sunshine. All these were now on good terms with their new neighbours from Europe, and our little party journeyed, unmolested, from the Falls, through the forest, along where the classic fanes of Princeton now attract the youth of our country from all quarters; where Kingston, and Brunswick, and Woodbridge, and Rahway, now swarm with

a little busy fry, but where at that time no trace of cultivation was to be seen, till they came into the vicinity of Elizabeth Town, then just settled. Christina and the good Heer, when fatigued with walking, or when the way was more than commonly rough, or obstructed, were carried by their faithful escort on a litter of boughs; and when they came to a stream that was not fordable, they launched their light canoe, and paddled to the other side.

At what is called Elizabeth-Town Point, where they were sorely annoyed by moschettoes, our little party embarked on the tide that carried them rapidly through the Kills. Neither the waters nor the land on either side presented the gay and moving scene that they do now. No oyster-boats plied

their busy rakes; no fleet of painted shallops and pettiaugers, such as are now every moment seen gliding past each other like the winds; no steam boats unfurled their smoky pennons to the breeze; and the only animated beings besides themselves, were the gulls that skimmed the surface of the waters, and the fish that sported beneath. Where the little villages, the whitening spires, and thickly-strewed farm-houses, now animate the landscape on either side, was nothing but lofty trees, on the dead branches of which was here and there seen the fish-hawk, watching to pounce upon his finny prey, and the eagle waiting his opportunity to make him resign it. The moment the hawk had seized his prize, and rose into the air, the lordly eagle flew forth and pursued

him till he let it drop, when, darting with inconceivable velocity, the regal robber seized it ere it reached the waters.

So beautiful a scene might have charmed a heart that dwelt not upon deep objects of interest, that swallowed up all sympathy with nature and her enchanting pageantry. But the attention of the good Heer and his daughter was concentrated on one idea, and they remained unmoved by the fair succession of objects that passed rapidly before their eyes, until they opened upon the delightful bay, and city, which seemed rising from its capacious bosom. For a moment, each was animated by a spark of wonder and admiration; but the thought that they were

now approaching the place, and the hour, which was to seal their fate as happy or miserable beings in this world, speedily assumed its ascendency, and shut out all other thoughts and feelings. Arriving at New-York, our little party landed, like pilgrims in some desert country, or, at least, where they felt as lonely as in the midst of the desert. Strangers to the place, and every soul within it, they knew not whither to seek a shelter, but wandered about the little crooked streets and lanes, as objects of wonder, rather than sympathy, to the busy inhabitants.

Passing, at length, by the door of a comfortable looking mansion, the ears of the good Heer and his daughter were saluted with some lines of an old ballad,

which was familiar to their recollection, chanted by a voice that seemed like one they had heard somewhere before.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Heer, involuntarily; "if it was not quite impossible, I should think I heard our old neighbour, Wolvert Spangler, singing one of his ditties."

The exclamation was overheard by the singer, who came straight to the door, exhibiting the little chubby, round, jolly face of the identical ballad-singing cobbler of Elsingburgh. The moment honest Wolvert saw the old man and his daughter, he recognised them, and ran and took the hands of the Heer, and shook them cordially, with tears of joyful welcome.

"My old master," cried he, at last,

" it makes my heart glad to see thee. And thou, too, my little mistress, wilt let a humble old acquaintance, who hath often taken measure of thy little foot, welcome thee to this good city."

" In good sooth, Wolvert," quoth the Heer, " thy welcome is well timed, and grateful to our hearts as our necessities. We are here as strangers, without house, or home, or friends—"

" Sayest thou so," interrupted Wolvert, " I am glad of it—I am heartily glad of it, for then thou wilt, perhaps, accept of me as friend, and my house as thy home. Never wilt thou enter a threshold where thou shalt be more welcome, or meet with hearts more glad to administer to thy happiness. Come forth, dame," cried he ; " thou hast not forgot

the kindness of my benefactress, to me and mine, when I had neither house nor home. I have often told thee of it."

At this call there came forth, with active alacrity, a comely dame, neatly and comfortably apparelled, and, with courtesy and smiling look, besought them to enter and make themselves at home. "We will accept thine offers frankly," said the Heer, "not only because we know not whither else to go, but most especially, that thy welcome seems to be truly and sincerely tendered."

"Else may one of the heaviest of Dominie Kanttwell's judgments befall me and mine—my house and all within it," quoth honest Wolvert, as he showed the father and daughter into his comfortable little parlour, the floor of which was sprinkled with sand from the sea-shore,

as white as the driven snow. After partaking of some refreshments, which were pressed upon them with genuine, honest earnestness, the Heer, whose heart was scarce ever so shut up but that good cheer warmed and expanded it into something like honest jollity, addressed his host as follows:

"Neighbour Spangler, I am glad, for thy sake as well as my own, that thou seemest so comfortably settled, and seemingly, therewithal, so well to do in the world. Thou hast been industrious and saving, I dare sware for thee, hey? for, if I recollect right, when thou badest farewell to Elsingburgh, in sober sadness, thou didst not over and above abound in the good things o thi life, hey? Tell us thy peregrinations."

"That is soon done," replied the

other: "after leaving Elsingburgh, I found my way to the Hoarkill, where I had a brother a skipper, who owned a small vessel, with which he plied along the coast, to and again. I got a passage with him to New-York, where I went forth into the streets to seek my fortune. Providence, I humbly hope, in spite of the judgments of Dominie Kanttwell, conducted me to the owner of this house, then a worthy and thriving shoemaker, who, luckily, wanted a journeyman, and took me on the recommendation of my face. This was not the only good turn my face did me, for, in about a year, my master died, leaving his widow all his possessions. The good dame was fond of music, and in good time my ballads made an impression on her heart. To cut short a long story, and a tolerably

long courtship, I married an excellent wife, who made me quite independent of the world, and to whom, I trust, I have been, and always shall be, a good husband. Not only this, Heer, but Governor Lovelace has lately made me one of his five Aldermen, and consults me on all great occasions of state, because, as he is pleased to observe, I always agree with him in opinion, which is a proof of my being a person of sound discretion. So you see, my worthy old master, my old friends, the ballads, have been the making of me, after all."

The Heer pondered a few moments on this piece of biography, and then addressed himself to Alderman Spangler, in an anxious tone, and with a hesitating manner, as if afraid of hearing a reply to his questions.

" As thou art in the confidence of the Governor, thou canst, perhaps, tell me something concerning the fate of a youth, who is dear to us, at least to me, and whom thou mayest remember at Elsingburgh, as commonly known by the name of the Long Finne. We have learned that he is here, and in jeopardy of life and liberty."

" You have learned the truth," replied the other. " Poor lad! I have made every effort to save him from punishment, for what, I have every reason to believe he is not guilty of. I have even opposed the will of the Governor, until he begins to waver in his opinion of my great discretion. But his excellency is exceedingly prejudiced against Koningsmarke, because his be-

haviour, during his examination before the Council, was rather bold, and, according to the Governor's acceptation, savoured of a crop-ear and Presbyterian parliament rebel."

"In what predicament stands he now?" asked the Heer.

"He stands," replied the other, "condemned to be publicly whipt, and afterwards sold as a slave to Barbadoes. The first part of the sentence is to be inflicted to-morrow, by twelve o'clock."

"Thou hadst better retire with our kind hostess, my daughter," said the Heer, addressing Christina, whose emotions almost shook her frame to dissolution, as the thought crossed her mind that it was now too late to save

poor Koningsmarke, at least from disgrace. But she resisted the motion to retire.

"I came to see all, to hear all, and to bear all, if Providence will vouchsafe to give me a few days' strength. The time presses, and what is done must be done speedily, or never. Good Wolvert, canst thou procure me the means of seeing Richard Lovelace this night?"

"I fear not, maiden," replied Wolvert; "he is now on Staaten-island, on a shooting party to kill bears, and will not return till late, if at all. But he will of necessity be here in the morning."

"Wilt thou see him in the morning before *the hour arrives*, and gain me admission to his presence?"

"If God will so help me as to succeed, it shall be so," replied he.

"Can I not see—*him?*" said Christina, with anxious and delicate hesitation.

"What, the youth? No, not to-night. He is confined in the fort, and none can see him, without an order from the Governor. But to-morrow—be of good heart, my poor maiden—to-morrow we will essay what we can do. Richard Lovelace is a passionate man, but he is not cruel. Let us put our trust in Heaven."

"I do," replied Christina, "but my fears overpower my trust. Would, Oh! would to God this night were past, for I fear my mind will fail me, ere the hour approaches when I shall most need its support, and that of my Maker. Father, I would wish to retire, and prepare for the morrow."

Christina was conducted to a chamber by the good dame, who discreetly left her alone, after seeing that nothing was wanting to her comforts.

CHAPTER V.

> "Unlock these iron gates, I say!
> And give me up your prisoner;
> 'Fore Heaven, ere long we'll hamper him
> With bonds, to which your iron chains
> Are as Sampson's burnt flax."

The fatigues of a long and tedious journey could not conquer the wakeful agony of poor Christina, who paced her room backwards and forwards, till the crowing of the cock announced the approach of the morning, which was to decide upon her happiness or misery. The rising sun found her pale and worn with anxiety and suffering; yet there was a firmness, a composure in her voice and manner, which indicated a mind wound

up to meet the events of the day, let them take what turn they might.

Soon as the hour at which the Governor usually finished his breakfast arrived, the kind-hearted Spangler went forth to solicit an immediate interview for the Heer and his daughter. His excellency happened to be in high good humour that morning, having just heard some news from England, which gave him particular satisfaction, but which, having no especial reference to our history, we shall pass over just now.

"What tell ye me, Alderman! the old Governor of Elsingburgh come hither with his daughter, to solicit the pardon of him they call the Long Finne? Body o'me! is she young and handsome—hey?"

"She is pale and sad," replied Spang-

ler; "but the damsel has fair blue eyes, is of exceeding comely features, and her shape is without fault."

"What! no Dutch dowdy, shaped like a tub—hey? Well, I shall put on my regimentals, and you shall go and bring the old Heer and his daughter hither."

The Alderman departed on his errand, and the Governor proceeded to dress for his audience of the fair young Swede, whose limbs trembled so that she could scarcely support herself, as they came into the presence of him who derived a present consequence beyond all other human agents, from having in his dispensation the fate of Koningsmarke. The old cavalier was struck with the beauty of our heroine, and, with mingled gallantry and compassion, conducted

her to a chair. After a moment's embarrassment, Christina said to the Heer :—

" Father, the hour draws nigh, each moment is precious."

The Heer, then, in a firm, manly, and feeling manner, required the pardon and enfranchisement of the young Swede called Koningsmarke, who in all that he had done, had acted under his orders, as lawful and unquestionable represen tative of the king of Sweden, then possessed of, and exercising jurisdiction over, the territory of Elsingburgh.

" But he invited the savages to take arms, and thereby endangered the lives of many of the subjects of my master. This was against the laws of God and man, and he deserves the severest punishment."

"The laws of God," replied the Heer, "authorize the means of self-defence at least; and the practice of thy nation, as well as of all the first adventurers in this new world, hath been to enlist the savages in their wars with each other. He did not invite the red-men to invade thy town, or murder thy people, but to assist in defending our lives and property. For this he had my commission, and if any one is to blame in this business, here I render myself thy prisoner, to take the consequences of an act which was not his, but mine."

"But," said Lovelace, "it is in proof, from the testimony of thy own people, that he continued his practices among the savages, after the surrender of Elsingburgh, and that he was, conse-

quently, guilty of conspiracy and treason against the king's majesty of England."

"That is impossible," replied the Heer, "because he was with me during the whole period of the negotiation, and also that which followed the surrender of my power, until the evening preceding the departure of the fleet, when, as I understand, he was kidnapped and forcibly carried away by the agents of Sir Robert Carre. Who among my people gave thee such false and wicked information?"

Governor Lovelace opened a drawer, and produced a letter from Othman Pfegel, conveying these charges against the Long Finne, and referring to Dominie Kanttwell for a full corrobation.

"The *galgen schivenkel*," exclaimed the Heer; "the Long Finne shall cut

off his ears, and a slice of the Dominie's tongue, if he ever lives to get back to Elsingburgh; and if he does not, I will live a little while longer, if it be only to do that good turn to a youth whom I loved as my own son."

"But what proof hast thou of this?" rejoined Lovelace.

"The word, or, if thou so pleasest, the oath, of a man of honour," quoth the Heer.

"And mine also," faltered the weeping Christina. "The young man was never absent from me, all this while, long enough to hold any communication with the savages.

"Indeed!" quoth Lovelace—"is the young man nearly related to thee?"

"No; not a drop of blood that runs in his veins is of kindred with mine.

I owe him nothing on that score, but I am indebted to him for life, and more than life. Why," continued Christina to herself, after a struggle and a pause, " why should I shrink, from what my heart dictates, and gratitude makes it a crime to omit? The moments are numbered—the clock strikes eleven—one hour, and but one hour more, to wrestle with fate."

Rising from her seat, Christina tottered towards Governor Lovelace, and sunk at his feet.

" Oh, sir! exclaimed the maiden, with clasped hands, " if thou canst not yield to justice, which demands the release of the innocent, yield thou to the prayers of mercy, which entreats his pardon at thy hands. At other times I might veil my maiden modesty, and

shrink from the avowal, but now, I proclaim to thee that this youth is my affianced husband, that both gratitude and love have bound me to him for ever, and that if he is disgraced by public stripes, and sold to captivity among the slaves of the Indies, not he alone, but I, shall feel the blows and the chains. My father, too, will become ere long a childless old man, bearing on his shoulders a burthen of misery, greater than even his weight of years. Think of all this, and feel as I and my father would feel for thee, wert thou and thy daughter thus pleading before us for life and death. Thou hast a daughter, perhaps?"

The gallant, hearty old cavalier wiped his eyes, and, hastily approaching the fire-place, rung the bell. A servant entered immediately.

"My carriage, instantly; do you hear? instantly." He then sat down and employed himself in writing, till the servant announced the carriage was ready, when he arose, and, approaching Christina, gave her the billet he had just finished.

"Thou shalt bear the first tidings thyself, my daughter," said Lovelace, "for so I feel for thee. Enter the carriage with thy father, drive to the prison, deliver this letter to the keeper—and may those who would shrink from such exertions as thine never taste the delight which is now preparing for thee. Go, and bring the young man with thee hither. No thanks—there is not a moment to be lost."

He then handed Christina to the carriage, placed her in it with her father,

and bade the coachman drive to the prison with all possible speed. The clock struck twelve a few minutes after they left the Governor's mansion, and Christina, as she counted the last stroke, exclaimed, in an agony of feeling—

"We shall come too late. Oh! I know him so well! I know that if he is once made a public spectacle—if the lash but once outrages the sacred dignity of manhood—it will be as if he were lost to us for ever; he will die, or, at least, he will never see us more."

A few minutes brought them to the fort, which served as the prison for state criminals, where they perceived a bustle and confusion in the hall as they approached. As they came nearer, they could see a tall figure struggling with one or two soldiers, who seemed

striving to strip him of his upper garments; a measure which he appeared to resist with all his might.

"Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed one of the soldiers, in a rough voice; "there is no use in resisting, and you may as well take it quietly."

"Is there no hope they will shoot me?" replied the struggling prisoner. "Must I be whipped like a slave?"

"As sure as your name is Long Finne," replied the other. "Here comes the tickler, with his cat-o'-nine-tails; if you had as many lives as a cat, he'd scourge them all out of you, I'll swear for it."

"Then God forgive me!" exclaimed the youth, as he snatched the bayonet which the soldier carried stuck in his belt, and directed it to his own bosom.

At that instant, and just as the point became dyed in blood, a voice that went to his soul, exclaimed:—"Hold! in the name of Heaven! thy honour is saved!" The next moment Christina sank into his arms, and her pure white bosom was stained with the blood of him who pressed her to his heart. When the blue-eyed maid saw the blood, she started away in horrible despair. "Am I then too late? Hast thou done the deed? O! righteous powers, one moment had saved him and me, and that moment was wasted!"

Koningsmarke solemnly assured her that he was not hurt, and that his arm was arrested by her voice, just in time to save his life.

"And such is thy love for me!" said Christina; "thou couldst not endure a

little for one who would suffer all for thee."

"Any thing but stripes and brands. Couldst thou, dear Christina, bear to link thy fate with that of a man who bore on his back the scars of disgrace, and on his brow the brand of indelible infamy?"

"Yes!" replied she, raising her eyes to Heaven, as an appeal to the ordeal of truth: "Yes! but neither thou nor I could bear it long."

"Come, come," cried the Heer, who now for the first time found the use of his eyes and tongue—"come, come, you young fools, don't stand here talking and crying before these rough and tough-hearted knaves, who, I see, don't know whether to laugh or cry. Mr. Jailor, is the order sufficient?"

" Perfectly so, sir:—the young gentleman is free to depart when he pleases."

" Well, then, let us depart, in God's name," quoth the Heer to his young companions. " And here is something to make merry with, boys," throwing a handful of rix-dollars among the men of bolts and bars, who greeted him with cheers, as he departed, and took coach for the Governor's.

CHAPTER VI.

"When heroine and hero haply wed
It is all one to us as they were dead;
Since in all ages it hath been the way,
That funeral or marriage ends the play."

GOVERNOR Lovelace received the party with great cordiality, and felt his heart warm with honest benevolence, as the father and daughter poured out their gratitude in thanks.

"Give me thy hand, young man," said he to the Long Finne. "The assurances of this worthy old gentleman, backed by the entreaties of this fair lady, have convinced me thou hast been basely slandered. Give me thy hand; I hope there is no ill blood between us."

"None," replied Koningsmarke; "the wisest men may be deceived; it is only the virtuous and just that will acknowledge and repair their errors."

"And I," rejoined his Excellency, "hereby covenent to forgive myself, and all my enemies, on one condition; which is no other than that, as I perceive with sufficient clearness this young couple contemplate joining their fates together ere long, thou, Governor Piper, wilt lay thy commands upon them to honour my house with the ceremony, and therewithal charge them, upon pain of forfeiting thy blessing, to permit me the pleasure of giving away a lady, whom, if I were a young man, as I once was, I would dispute the possession of with Guy of Warwick himself. What sayest thou, Governor?"

" I say," replied the Heer, " yea, I swear, that it must, and shall be so, or I will withdraw my consent in favour of the backbiter Othman Pfegel, whom I do contemplate to beat lustily on my return. Art thou content, my daughter?"

" Dear Father, allow me till to-morrow to decide."

" Very well, but, *der teufel!* what has got into thee, girl? When any thing turns up to separate thee from the Long Finne, thou art half mad; and when I am willing to unite you together, thou art more than half a fool, I think, and don't altogether know thy own mind. But harkye, girl, be ready to-morrow morning either to consent to marry the youth, or never to see him more."

" I agree to the alternative, father,"

replied Christina, bending her head down upon her bosom.

Governor Lovelace now drew the Heer aside, and whispered him, "Come with me, and let us leave them together—I dare swear the matter will be settled to our satisfaction;" and thereupon the two old gentlemen left the room together. Koningsmarke, then, taking the hand of Christina, said—

"Christina, thou hast this day made me thy debtor in a sum of gratitude, which I can never repay. Dare I ask thee to add to it by complying with the wishes of thy father? I speak not of my own happiness, but of his. He will rejoice in our union."

"Believe it not—hope it not," replied Christina, "Oh, how I rejoice in the events of this day, which have enabled

me to repay, at least, some of my obligations to thee! Thou didst once save my life and honour, and I have helped to redeem thine. Thus far are we even, as to the past; as to the future, believe not that I can ever join my fate indissolubly to that of a robber—at least to one who has been an associate of robbers. The debt of gratitude repaid, I can yield nothing to affection."

"A robber!" exclaimed the Long Finne, starting away from her with dismay and astonishment—"a robber!"

"Yes? I have said it; for the truth compelled me, at last, to utter the word, which I have carried in my heart as a poisoned dagger, from the very moment, when, at one and the same time, I became thy debtor in an eternal weight of gratitude, and discovered thou wert un-

worthy of my love. Nay, deny it not; thy whole behaviour, from first to last, hath acquiesced in the imputation. None but robbers could have acted as thou and thy companions acted."

"But I do deny it. I appeal to facts, to the whole history of my past life, to the eternal fountain of truth, to God, and man. I have never been what thou hast named me."

This solemn denial led to explanations, which, for the purpose of compressing in as short a space as possible, we shall give in the way of a connected narrative, and in our own words. For this purpose it will be necessary to go back to the period when the Heer Piper resided in Finland, with his wife, a timid, gentle being, their daughter Christina, and the Frizzled Head, then to all ap-

pearance, as old as on the day she died.

At that period, and, indeed, it hath ever since been too much the case with the north of Europe, to the vexation, and ruin and degradation of the cultivators of the soil, the province was infested with soldiery, who, quartered among the inhabitants, too frequently acted like so many freebooters, rather than as protectors of the lives and property of the people. It was in those days, and it is still, the custom, for the petty princes of the north to hire out their subjects at so much per head, to cut the throats, not of the enemies of their country, but of those of the worthy potentate who paid for their services. The regiment of Holstein, commanded by Colonel Koningsmarke, was, in this way, employed

in the service of Sweden, at that time on the eve of becoming embroiled with the Catholic powers of Germany. These foreign auxiliaries and hirelings, as might be supposed, having no attachment to the soil, no common interests, or affinities of blood or affection with the people, too often acted as their oppressors, and plundered and insulted them at pleasure.

One summer evening, in the absence of the Heer, as Christina, then a little girl of about six years old, and her mother, were sitting, just about the twilight, in a little low parlour, whose open windows looked out on a charming rural landscape, tinted with the soft, enchanting, changeful hues of evening, on a sudden they were broken in upon by a party of ruffians, armed, and apparently half mad

with liquor, who rudely seized both mother and daughter, and, by way of a good joke, frightened them almost into convulsions. They shrieked and screamed, but without any other effect than to bring forth old Bombie, who assailed the intruders with the most bitter reproaches she could devise. This brought the attention of the drunken rout towards the Frizzled Head, whom they seized, and, with great ceremony, proceeded, as they pretended, to decapitate forthwith.

Among the party was a fair, light-haired, blue-eyed youth, apparently about thirteen years of age, who, however, kept aloof, and partook not in any of these outrages, until, incited by the taunts and ridicule, and, finally, commanded by the leader of the party, he

came forward reluctantly, and affected to assist in restraining the violent efforts of poor Bombie, whose hands they were endeavouring to bind. The moment the boy came near enough, Bombie seized him by the collar, and, tearing off his ruff, disclosed a large and singular scar, just under his ear, in the shape of a cross. Christina, whose eyes were naturally turned in that direction, also saw the scar, which was impressed on her memory, not only by the terrors of the scene, but by the exclamation of the Frizzled Head, who cried out—

"Ah! ha! thou bearest a mark—not the mark of Cain, but one by which I shall know thee, whatever changes time and chance may produce in thee. Thou carriest a sign, which to others may be the emblem of salvation, but which to

thee, sooner or later, shall be the signal of disgrace and condemnation. I will remember thee."

The youth stood abashed, and took the opportunity of a momentary pause, to whisper the leader of the party, a threat of representing the affair to his father, if they proceeded to any further violence. The whisper was, however, unnoticed by those whom it was intended to benefit. The party, after eating, drinking, or wasting every thing they could find, finally departed, and returned to their quarters. The agitation and fright produced by this scene of outrage, operating upon the gentle spirits and weak frame of Christina's mother, threw her into a nervous fever, which in a few weeks terminated her life. The impression of these events was never effaced

from the mind of Christina; and, in truth, it may be said, that it strengthened with age, and every little while received a deeper shade of horror, from the exaggerated declamations of the Frizzled Head; who, as her memory became less retentive and connected, substituted the youth with the scar for the principal actor in the death of her beloved mistress. In this way does memory often exaggerate the past, almost as much as hope does the future.

The regiment of Koningmarke marched the next day to a distant part of the country; and, indeed, the knowledge of this event, was what principally emboldened the ruffians who belonged to that corps, to the outrage we have related. It is not within our plan to follow the Long Finne, step by step,

till his appearance at Elsingburgh. Suffice it to say, that he was left, by the death of his father, an extravagant daring adventurer, without money, or the means of subsistence: that not long afterwards, when his mother died in great distress, she gave him a letter to her brother, the Heer's old friend, Caspar Steinmets, who received him as a son, and with whom he lived for some time. Old Caspar, however, was a man who thought no more of tomorrow than a grasshopper, but sung, and basked in the sun, and was merry, all day long. Such men seldom leave much behind them, except a sort of equivocal posthumous fame, made up of a kind recollection of their generosity and good humour, mixed with a few shrugs of pity, at their want of prudence.

Old Caspar died; his money was all spent; his salary as high bailiff to a prince whose territories, we are credibly informed, extended over two square miles, throughout which he held absolute sway, ceased with his latest breath; and when honest Caspar was fairly housed in the final asylum, there was nothing left to his heir, but the recollection of his kindness, that last legacy of gratitude, which the good heart delights to cherish as a keepsake for ever.

In casting about where to choose his future lot, or, in other words, what he might do to keep soul and body together, when the few rix-dollars he had about him should be melted into thin air, and identified with the things that have been, young Koningsmarke, who was called the Long Finne, gentle reader!

because he was born in Finland, and nearly six feet high, was attracted by the new world. It was now about the time when the dashing adventurers; the ruined lads, who had wasted their inheritance; the younger brothers, who never had any inheritance at all; the hero, alive to glory; the daring spirit, willing to stake his life on the chance of unbounded wealth; and, lastly, the pious convert, ready to do all, to dare all, and to suffer all, were, each and every one, turning their faces towards the setting sun, as to a region where some might retrieve their fortunes, others enjoy the liberty of their consciences. Koningsmarke knew that Sweden claimed rights, and had a settlement in this quarter of the world, and that was all he knew. He was little aware

that this territory was governed by the Heer Piper, whose house, when a boy, he had entered in the manner aforesaid; and, indeed, he had long since forgotten the whole affair, as we forget our boyish frolics when arrived at the age of manhood. He took the first opportunity of embarking for the new world; arrived at the Hoarkill; proceeded to Elsingburgh; where he fell into the custody of that vigilant police officer, Lob Dotterel, and was recognised by Bombie, who accidentally discovered the scar, which, as rather unbecoming to his appearance, he generally hid with a high ruff.

Koningsmarke, at the conclusion of this explanation, solemnly assured Christina that every word of it was true; that he had extenuated nothing; and that,

any farther than hath been just related, he had no participation in an event which he had first learned from the Frizzled Head, on his arrival at Elsingburgh, but in a manner so mysterious and exaggerated, as almost convinced him he was actually a murderer. Christina, too, when she looked attentively backwards, and traced the progress of her impressions with regard to this painful event, could not but acknowledge, that they were in a great measure derived from the declamations of Bombie.

To the foregoing explanations of the Long Finne, we beg leave to prefix a few of our own. In addition to the declamatory exaggerations of the Frizzled Head, it is probable that the Long Finne himself may have contributed to mislead our readers, by occasionally indulging in that inflated, romantic style, too

common with those of exalted imaginations—calling himself an outcast to whom the elements themselves afforded no refuge; a prey to the worm that never dies—as if for the sole purpose of making himself interesting. To this we may add, that we ourselves, with the most disinterested intentions of enhancing the reader's perplexity and delight, in perusing this work, have now and then coloured the charges of the Frizzled Head, and the admissions of the Long Finne, a little highly. Should the reader be ill-natured enough to find fault with us for thus verifying the old proverb that "a story never loses by telling," we shall take care how we treat him to another mystery.

The explanation of Koningsmarke, with his solemn assurances of its truth, removed a load that had long pressed

on the heart of Christina, and when he again besought her to comply with the wishes of her father, she held out her hand with a smile, such as had not lighted up her eyes for a long time past.

"The will of my father shall be obeyed," said the blue-eyed maiden; "for now I trust that so it can be done, without any offence, either to my father, or my mother that is in heaven. Oh God! I thank thee; I can now conform to his wishes, and consult my own heart, without wedding myself to never-dying remorse. I am thine for ever."

A kiss, and an embrace, sealed this covenant, just as the two old squires entered the room.

"Well," quoth the Heer, "are we to be united to-morrow, never to part, or part, never to meet again?"

"She has said that to-morrow she will

be mine," replied the Long Finne, "and she never broke her word."

"Did I not tell thee," quoth the Cavalier Lovelace, "that there was nothing like leaving them alone? Egad, there is always two to one against a woman in such a case, not to say two to nothing; for there is the lover and the lady on one side, and nobody on the other."

"Well, then," quoth the Heer, "to-morrow shall see thee one."

"Nay, let it be the day after to-morrow," rejoined Governor Lovelace: "I must have time to bid the company, and, 'fore heaven, Heer! but we'll carouse a little, shall we?"

"Verily," replied the other, "I see no special reason why the heart of an old man like me may not, on an occasion like this, rejoice and be glad. I

will drink a bumper to the name of the best of daughters with thee."

"Ay, and to every letter of her name, or my name is not Richard Lovelace."

This matter being concluded upon, the preparations were made by the hearty Cavalier Lovelace, to celebrate the wedding, in a style suitable to his own dignity, and the regard he began to feel for Christina, whose appearance and character had won his warm heart. One thing he especially stipulated, to wit, that the ceremony should not be performed by a Presbyterian parson, nor the wedding-dress made by a French milliner. The former part of the stipulation was easily accorded, and the latter was entirely unnecessary, as there was not a single French milliner at that time in the whole province.

At length the happy hour arrived,

which for ever united Koningsmarke and Christina in one fate and one name. All the dignitaries of the city were bidden, not forgetting Alderman Spangler and his dame; and it was the opinion of the young ladies present, that the bridegroom was quite as handsome as the red-coats of Governor Lovelace's staff, who made such havoc in the tender hearts of the pretty maidens of New-York. Truth, our governing principle in this history, obliges us to state, that Governor Lovelace, the Heer Piper, Alderman Spangler, and one or two others, did carouse it lustily till the second crowing of the cock, when the Governor's old black valet entered the room, and informed his Excellency that it was high time to go to bed, an intimation which he never failed to attend to with perfect docility.

The day but one after the wedding, the Heer, his daughter, and the Long Finne, bade the worthy Cavalier Lovelace farewell, and embarked in his state barge, for Elizabeth-Town Point, where they took up their line of march, and arrived in due time, without any accident, at Elsingburgh. After sojourning a few days, they retired to a beautiful farm, on the banks of a little river, about half-way between Elsingburgh and Coaquanock, where, in rural ease, rural quiet, the enjoyment of leisure, health, and competency, combined with exercise and employment, they passed quietly down the stream of life, with as much content as falls to the lot of this world. But the Heer and his daughter could never agree on the subject of rural economy. Christina was for planting flowers, and ornamental shrubs, and beauti-

fying all around; while the Heer had a most pestilent propensity for the useful, and valued a patch of cabbages above a bed of tulips of a thousand dyes. Christina at length succeeded so far as to make him promise to pay some little attention to ornament, and cultivate a few favourite flowers, which engagement he conscientiously kept, by planting a notable bed of cauliflowers.

In process of time the good Heer saw his race prolonged, in the person of a little blue-eyed grandson, concerning whom he balanced three whole days, in sore perplexity, whether to call him after the immortal Gustavus, or his good friend the Governor of New-York. Gratitude at length got the better of loyalty, and the boy was christened Richard Lovelace. The Heer privately covenanted with himself, at the same time, that the

next should be called Gustavus Adolphus, let what would happen.

As we like to follow old customs, sanctioned by the examples of our betters, we will conclude by gratifying the reader's curiosity with regard to the other principal characters of our history.

The worthy Dominic Kanttwell, not long afterwards, married the prettiest and richest girl in the whole village, and the next sabbath preached a mortal philippic against the lusts of the flesh, and the mammon of unrighteousness. On this unlooked-for event taking place, aunt Edith took mortal disgust to his doctrines, turned backslider, and married Wolfgang Langfanger, than a spruce widower, who privately declared one night at master Oldale's, that the improvement of that good lady was the hardest task he ever undertook in all his life.

Lob Dotterel being, by the influence of the Heer with Governor Lovelace, reinstated in his office of High Constable, passed the rest of his days in busy importance, and happy assiduity, only that he was occasionally molested by the intrusion of the ghost of Bombie of the Frizzled Head, which never forgave his agency in the catastrophe of the likely fellow Cupid.

Poor Othman Pfegel having been confidentially apprized, that the Long Finne intended to take the first opportunity of giving him a sufficiency of drubbing to last him all the days he had to live, departed suddenly—not this life, but the village of Elsingburgh, and settled down at the Hoarkill, where nobody thought it worth while to molest him.

THE END.

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